JETS RIP RAIDERS BEHIND NEW NAMATH

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 16, 1967 40 CENTS

THE SERIES: LOU BROCK ON THE ATTACK



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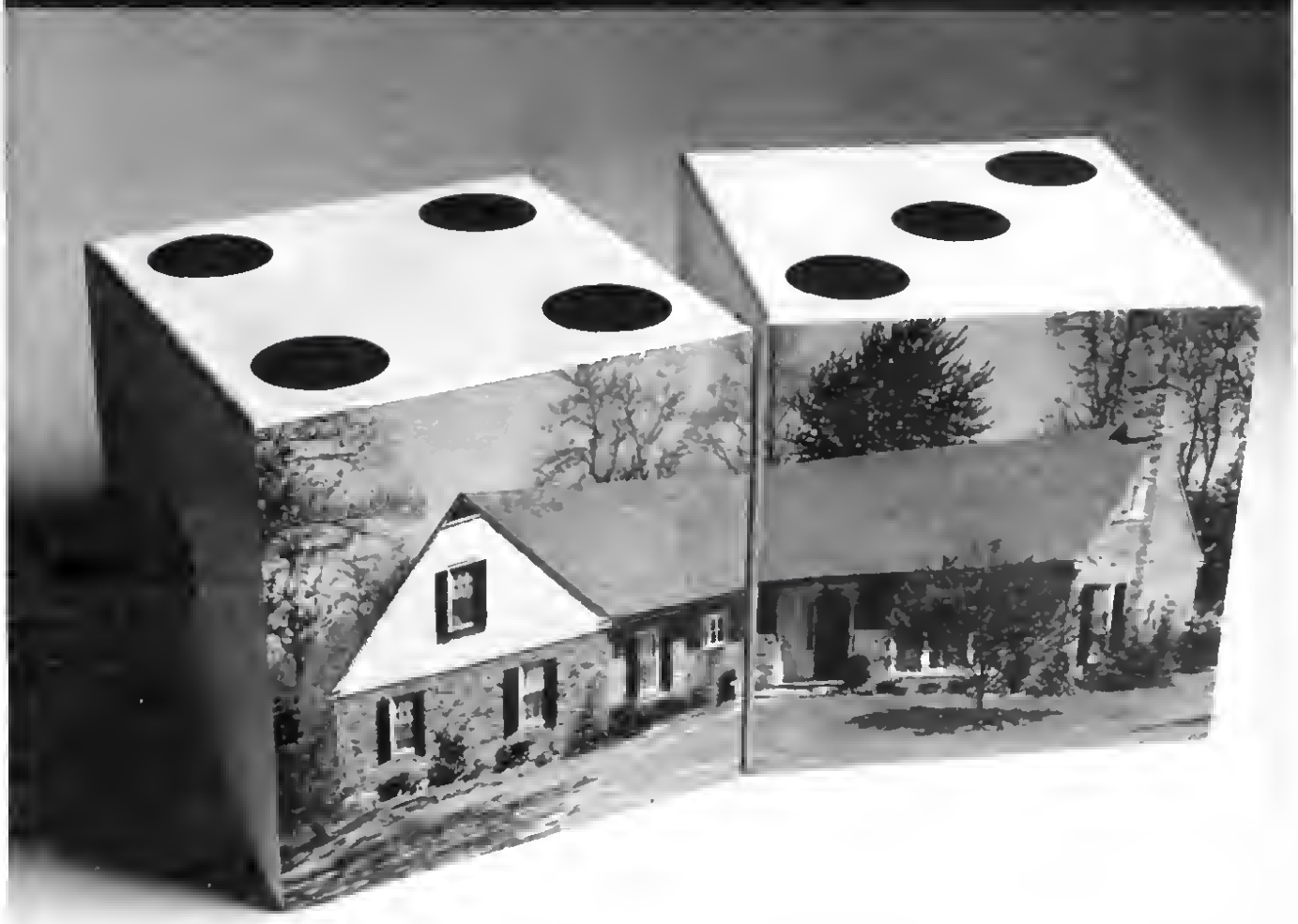
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Next week

PRO BASKETBALL offers two new teams to the NBA and a whole new league, the ABA. Scouting reports cover both, plus a color essay and a special look at resurgent New York.

STOP UNITAS? The Rams, who have slipped a game behind, have to if they are to keep alive in pro football's roughest division, the Coastal. Tex Maule reports from Baltimore.

IZARD HUNTING is just one of many activities Jack Olsen was not allowed to try when he visited Andorra, a principality whose biggest game is letting you spend your own money.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There is nothing gladder in the whole world, says Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter on page 50, than running a pool table —that is, sinking every ball, stepping around all light and easy and full of your own music inside. Many times the world champion, Wimpy has been a pool-shooter, man and boy. Now more and more Americans are coming to appreciate the joys of this traditional American game. The current boom has been building in spite of two handicaps: 1) pool has a sort of awful/wonderful background of hazy halls and hustlers, and 2) a lot of people are



CHAMPION LASSITER, checking that stance, declined to play challenger Meek

insisting that the game be called pocket billiards. Long gone anyway in most areas, pool's spittoon period is fast being forgotten, and as for the name—well, we wish everybody would leave it alone, because *pool* has a fine, clear ring to it, thank you.

Today more than 25 million citizens are shooters of one stripe or another, and sales of home pool tables grew from $8 million in 1958 to $94 million last year. There are about 650,000 tables in homes across the country; an estimated 75,000 are produced each year (one manufacturer has doubled production each year for five years) and, since women discovered they have a natural touch for the game, whole families are getting into the act. Home tables range from $80 fold-up models to the pecan fruitwood dandies costing $2,500 (with real black leather rails) —or even more, depending on how much mother-of-pearl you want.

A pool player's census of 1960 would have turned up roughly 10,000,000 shooters and 7,000 parlors. Now there are 13,500 establishments with 100,000 tables, and everybody is a shooter. Pool hall proprietors have attracted fresh crowds to the sport by redecorating, carpeting and lighting up their places, and many have moved out to suburbia, adding such lures as soft music, pastel-colored tables and free instruction, in some cases by attractive hostesses.

Pool-shooting purists still prefer the regulation 4½-by-9-foot table, but people are playing the game on anything down to 3½ by 7 feet or even round tables. Wimpy, after years of practicing in the dusty, blue-smoke atmosphere of St. Elmo's Billiard Parlor in Norfolk, Va., is finally building a special place in his backyard big enough to hold a table. Whether you have one in your own home and use it every night or haven't touched a cue in years, you will enjoy Wimpy's description of how he plays the game and how you should, too. And you're going to learn a few things. Consider Cameraman Richard Meek, who photographed the essay and got a cram course in pool at the same time. Meek installed a table in a Manhattan studio, booby-trapped it with a ring of bright strobe lights firing 20 times a second—then climbed all over the rafters with cameras. He made Wimpy shoot in eerie dimness so the flickering lights would freeze the action. Finally, after three days of this psychological shaking-up, he figured Wimpy was ready. He climbed down and sidled over to the table.

"Wanta play me now?" Meek asked.

Gary Valk

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Now, when you join the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-a-Month Plan, you are eligible to purchase new U.S. Savings Notes, "Freedom Shares," as a bonus opportunity. Freedom Shares pay 4.74% when held to maturity of just four-and-a-half years (redeemable after one year), and are available on a one-for-one basis with Savings Bonds. Get the facts where you work or bank.

Join up. America needs your help.

U.S. Savings Bonds, new Freedom Shares

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This is America's most advanced Color TV—with solid state devices replacing all tubes but one, and innovations for tuning ease and color reproduction not available on other color sets today.

Fine-tuning is virtually foolproof. The Motorola Visi-Trak tuning system electronically senses if your picture needs fine-tuning and turns on a signal light to tell you so. You just turn a knob till the light goes out. That's it.

Separate circuits that work without tubes are contained in 10 solid state modules. This construction principle, designed for maximum operating reliability, is specified in virtually all space electronics and computer systems.

It was engineered to make the TV repair man a stranger at your house. Yet, reliable as it is, we made it simple to maintain. If anything ever goes wrong with any module, your service man can remove the old and plug in a new one in minutes.

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Creates a whole new standard of reliability for Color TV

MOTOROLA

Leading through Creativity in Electronics



If this little valve doesn't move, neither do you.

Mobil
The Detergent Oil

In defense of cigar mooching.

How to become a cigar smoker at somebody else's expense

Mooching, we think, has an undeservedly shoddy reputation.

Practiced with finesse, it can be a fine art. Turned towards truly honorable ends, it can be a sublime art.

And we can think of no more honorable end than the sheer gentlemanly pleasure of being a cigar smoker.

Because there are so many different kinds of cigars, you may have to try a few before you find one you like best. (15 million cigar smokers have found their cigar. So can you.)

But who says you should pay for every one you try? The cigar of your dreams may be in the next pocket you pick.

Cigar smokers are a notably generous bunch, anyway. Merely say you're thinking of joining their ranks, and they'll come across with a freebee immediately.

Listed below are a few less obvious forms of creative borrowing.

Get friendly with guys who are about to become fathers.

Don't turn down any invitations to weddings, elegant dinners, poker games, and Bar Mitzvahs.

Encourage the promotion of those who represent no threat to you personally. If the promotion is big enough, cigars are called for.

Allow us, however, to make one thing clear. Mooching is only defensible as a temporary measure, until you have found the cigar worth shelling out for yourself.

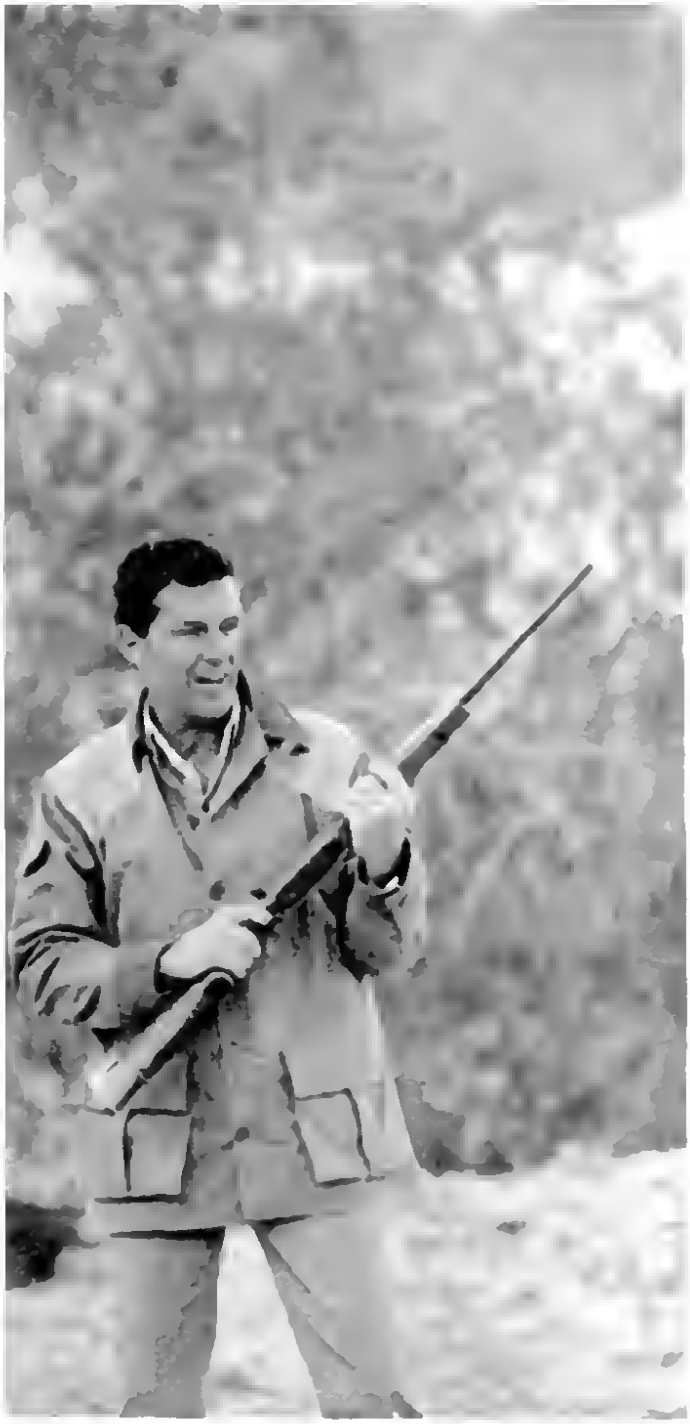
At that point it will be your turn to initiate a new cigar smoker.

You will have graduated from the role of a cigar mooch-er to that of a cigar mooch-ee.

Cigar Institute of America



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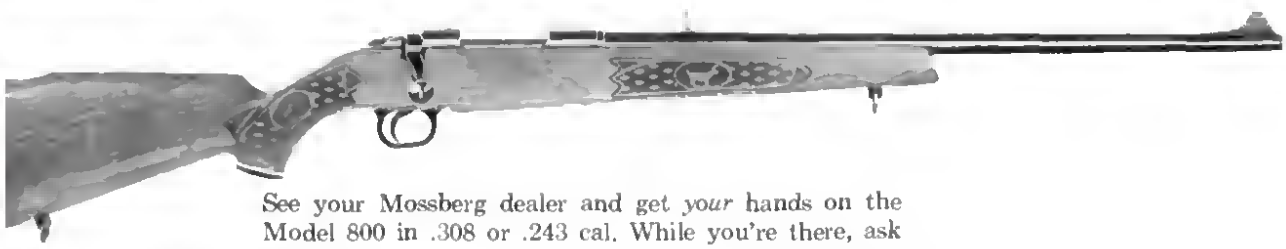


Famous American sportsman

Robert Stack says— "When you squeeze the Mossberg 800 trigger, you know you've got your hands on a good rifle!"

"This trigger pull is as good as any I've felt! Crisp let-off and just the right amount of take-up for safety." That's the opinion of Robert Stack, international film star and expert rifleman.

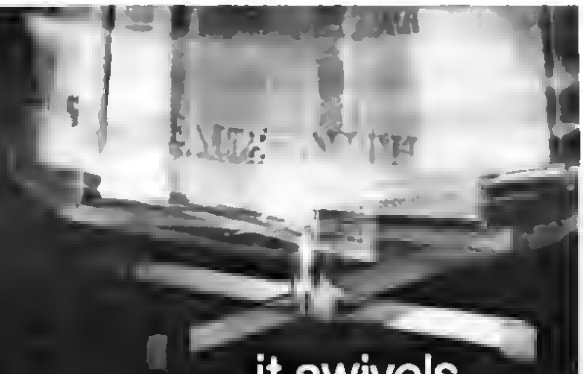
He's enthusiastic about the 5-shot, bolt action Mossberg 800 center fire rifle. Contoured bolt handle for sure grip and short bolt throw for fast, accurate shooting. Six locking lugs on bolt and recessed head for extra strength. Safety is on top, right under your thumb. It's more gun for the money at $99.95.



See your Mossberg dealer and get *your* hands on the Model 800 in .308 or .243 cal. While you're there, ask him for your free copy of "*Game and Guns*," a booklet which gives valuable tips on hunting and shooting of all kinds. Or write directly to us for booklet and free catalog with illustrations, features and descriptions of the complete Mossberg line. O. F. Mossberg & Sons, Inc., Dept. SI, North Haven, Connecticut.

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it swivels

it's a clock



it's a radio

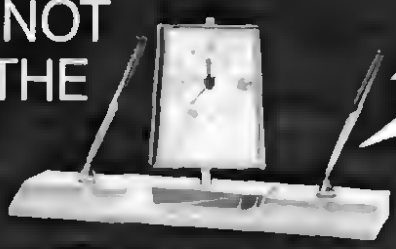


it's excitingly decorative



The Aristocrat. A back-to-back, solid-state clock radio hardly bigger than your hand. As handsome on your desk as it is on your night-stand. Turns on its swivel to wake you to music or remind you of appointments. What a great gift for any occasion. Why not give one to yourself? Model Y280, in grained Walnut color or white Ostrich-textured case. Also available in desk set, Model Y290.

WHY NOT GET THE BEST



ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

SCORECARD

A CALL FOR HELP

Not for the first time in history, Britain has decided to "go it alone," this time in the field of tennis. The momentous decision to remove the words "amateur" and "professional" from British rules was taken last week by the council of the Lawn Tennis Association. Out of 67 votes cast, 61 were in favor of restoring honesty to the game. Starting in January, all British tournaments, from the Wimbledon championships down, will be open to all who care or dare to enter. "Shamateur" under-the-counter expenses will cease. Agreed amounts will be paid openly. Cash prizes will become commonplace.

But Britain stands in all but utter isolation. Not one of the other 83 member countries of the International Lawn Tennis Federation has offered assuranee of support, other than moral. There were cheers from South Africa, Sweden and Australia's John Newcombe, Wimbledon champion, who said that "at the moment" he favored playing at Wimbledon next year. But Newcombe is reported considering an offer to turn professional, anyway.

On the other side, Giorgio de Stefani, president of the ILTF, made it clear that any overseas amateur competing in British tournaments will face almost certain suspension in 83 countries. And the 84th country, Britain, must herself be suspended at the ILTF meeting in July, unless last year's overwhelming vote against open tennis changes to one of endorsement.

So Britain desperately needs allies. Even glorious Wimbledon could not survive more than two or three years with entries that are composed almost entirely of second- and third-rate home players plus a handful of top-line professionals like Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall. For such help, it is to the U.S. that British eyes now are turned. Since formation of the ILTF in 1913 Britain and America have exercised a profound and benevolent influence on the other, less-experienced and less-sophisticated tennis-playing nations.

Now shamateurism, to which they submitted for far too long, is undermining their authority, and Britain is bravely bidding to re-establish moral leadership.

It is up to the U.S. to recognize the inevitable. Soon it will be open tennis or none of any interest at all.

DIAL-A-FISH

A hydroplane pilot and avid fisherman, Bob Schroeder of Buffalo, N.Y. was in Seattle for a race and wanted to avail himself of the good fishing there, but his schedule made it difficult.

So he devised a method of fishing by telephone. He baited a hook, tied his line to the bedpost, looped it around the telephone receiver and dropped it out the window of his hotel room on Puget Sound. The idea was that if he got a strike *in absentia* the tug of the line would pull the phone receiver off its cradle and, when he checked by calling his room, he would get a busy signal.

Which is just what happened. Schroeder rushed back to his room and hauled in a small shark.

PERSISTENT FELLOW

Middle-aged golfers with backaches, take heart. Consider Ray Palmer, a 55-year-old Michigan industrialist who in the early 1950s was a scratch golfer and reached the quarterfinals of both the 1953 U.S. Amateur and Western Amateur, thereby earning himself a bid to the Masters, where he played (nervously and badly) in 1954.

But his back was giving him all kinds of agony, and the following year he had to give up the game completely when doctors discovered calcium deposits in his spine.

For the next eight years Palmer stuck to a rigid diet while dreaming of hitting 250-yard drives down the middle and sinking 40-foot putts. Finally, when spring arrived in 1963, he felt well enough to go out on the practice tee and try again.

"I played horrible," he now recalls, "but at least the back felt better."

Then, after a couple of years, the old shots began to fly off his club with greater consistency. This summer, with his handicap back to scratch, Ray Palmer at age 55 was eligible for a go at the USGA Seniors, held at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club in Southampton, N.Y.

Battling a stiff northwester with gusts up to 40 mph, he shot a 74-79 in qualifying rounds to share the medal with two others. For the next four days he played five rounds of superb golf for a man with a bad back. Through a torrent of rain and wind in the semifinals, he shot a 72, two over par, on one of the toughest courses in the U.S. and on a sunny, windy Saturday morning, he met Walter Bronson of Oak Brook, Ill. in the finals. Palmer finished Bronson off 3 and 2 with a burst of birdies in the final holes.

Tall, thin Ray Palmer was overcome with emotion as they handed him the trophy.

"After 45 years at this game," he sighed, "I finally won something."

And his back felt fine.

SAVAGE BREAST UNSOOTHED

It happens every weekend at American football games, but Englishmen have

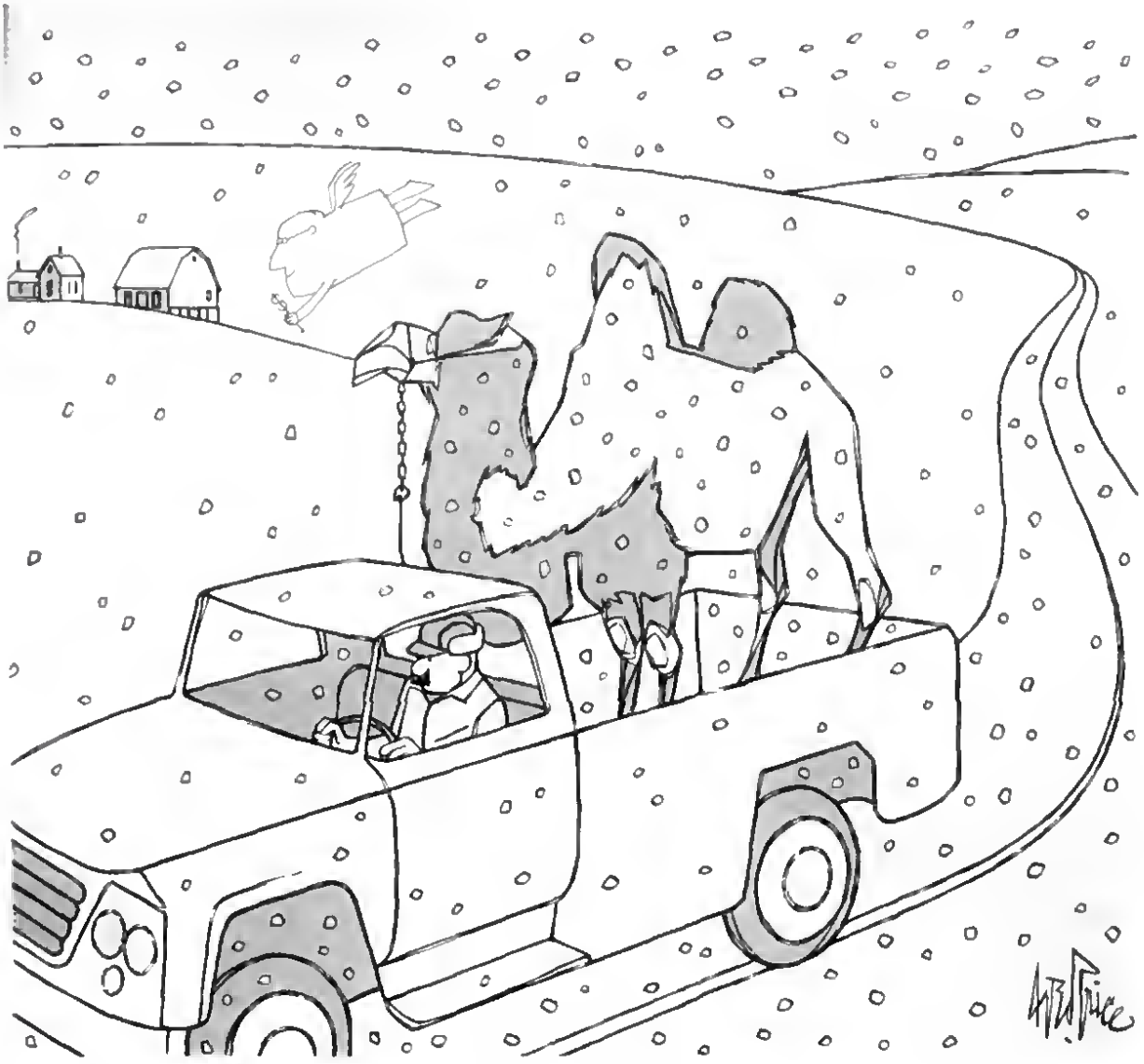


their own firm ideas on what is proper for soccer.

The city fathers of Birmingham, concerned about outbreaks of violence at soccer matches, decided to enlist the miniskirt. The fans, they reasoned, would rather look at pretty girls than fling hottles at each other.

So at half time four young lovelies, one of them in a see-through microskirt, put

continued



There was this camel who needed some travel insurance...

This man in Wisconsin had a camel. The camel was about to travel 300 miles last winter. So the man came to us with his camel problem.

"It has never been ridden, isn't used to walking, and has a nasty temper," he confessed. And he wanted to insure his camel against every possible misfortune, from broken legs to pneumonia.

We said no.

"We wouldn't insure our own grandmother against catching cold in Wisconsin in the winter," we said. "Much less a camel." "Kooky policies, yes," we said. "Poor risks, no. We're a twinkly-eyed, fun loving group, but staying solvent is what we owe our other customers."

"However," we said to the man with the camel, "if you ship him by truck we can cover your camel against reasonable dangers under our standard trip transit policy simply by describing the camel, within the policy."

(Copies of this historic, one-of-a kind document available to collectors on request.)

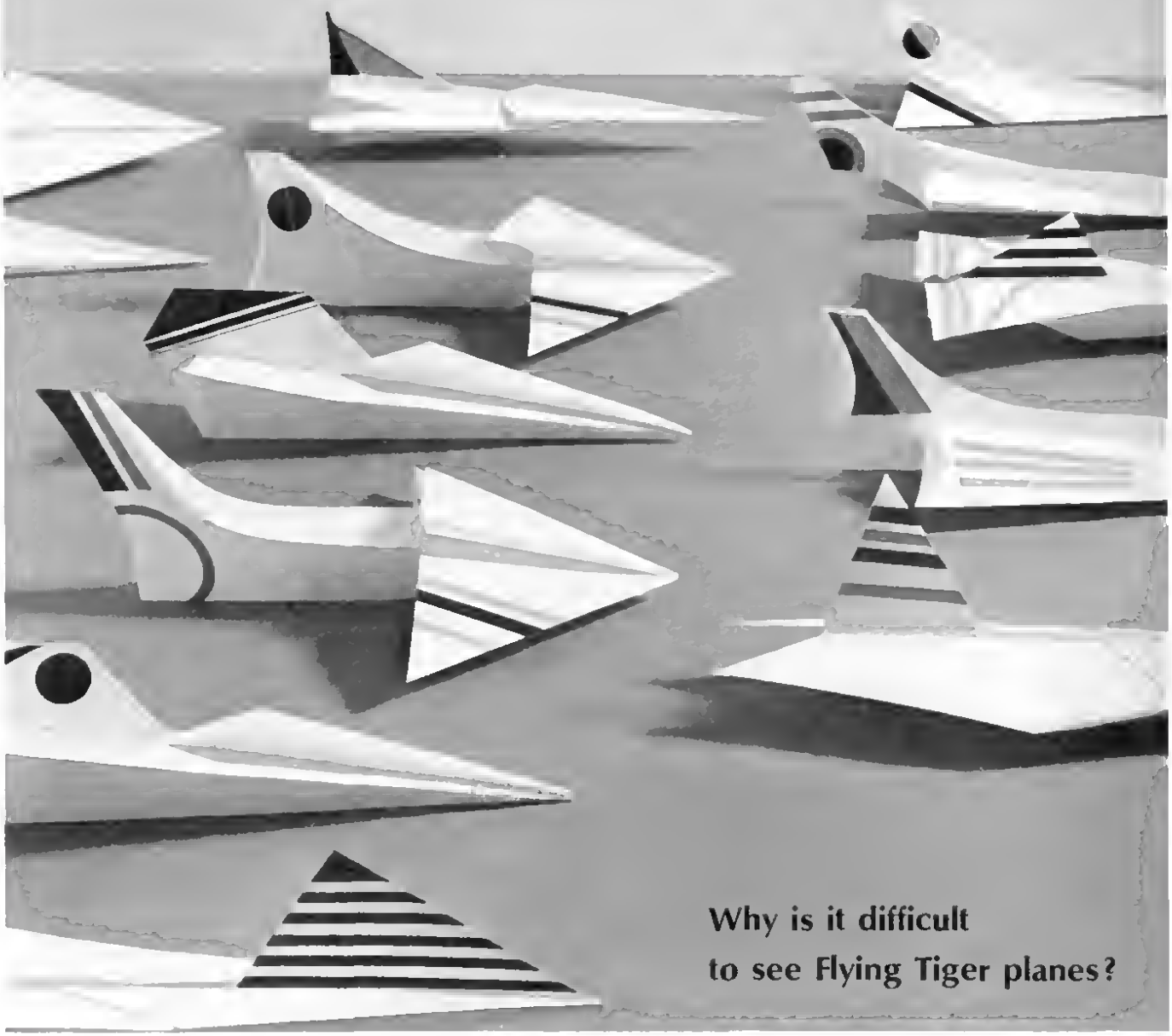
CONCLUSION: If you have a camel kind of problem, we'll adapt a policy or create a plan geared precisely to your particular, unique, individual needs. Just be a good risk, please.

We sell all kinds of insurance, of course. You don't need a traveling camel. We're in the Yellow Pages, usually.

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It's easy to see the planes
of almost any airline
at any major airport.



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to see Flying Tiger planes?

Because Tigers, the world's largest all-cargo airline, flies on schedules almost completely opposite to those of passenger airlines. Most Tiger planes take off late in the evening (when you're in bed) and land early in the morning (before you arise). Specialized schedules like these give shippers late cut-off times, consignees start-of-the-day delivery. ☐ Even during the day, the odds are still against your seeing a Tiger plane. Since air-freight is our only business, Tiger planes are at another part of the field where only cargo is handled. Tiger freight doesn't have to wait for passengers and luggage before it gets the attention of cargo handlers. That's why Tigers' door-to-door delivery is faster. ☐ Next time you ship cargo, remember, there's more to airfreight than meets the eye. The service you're looking for is available from the airline you practically never see.

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You don't have to tell a man when his shoes fit or last longer than usual—he knows because a shoe wearer is his own shoe expert. That's why Florsheim Quality sells itself better than all the claims we could make. The glow of premium calfskin, the longer wear that lowers cost, are all Florsheim facts of life. That's why more men wear Florsheim Shoes than all other quality makes combined. Because we deliver.

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Shown: The Arbor; in brown hand-stained coventry calf, $1119; in black, $1098.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • MAKERS OF [illegible] SHOES FOR MEN AND WOM[illegible]

on a hippie dance. The fans were not amused.

"Disgusting!" they screamed. "Revolting!"

"Get them off!" one yelled. "I mean the girls, not the dresses."

Still, for what it's worth, no bottles were thrown.

FASHION NOTE

The numbered football shirt was the rage on campus last year. This year it's the dirty gray T shirt that says across the front: PROPERTY OF PODUNK U. ATHLETIC DEPT.

The men responsible for both are Norman Traeger, who was graduated from Indiana University in 1962 with a degree in marketing, and Mickey Monroe, Ohio State '62. As president of Varsity House Sportswear Inc., Traeger is marketing like mad these days.

He introduced the athletic-department shirt in Columbus, Ohio with 3,000 dozen last June. "Since then," he said, "we've sold over 360,000 pieces."

Traeger got the idea for the T shirt from his fraternity days.

"When I was in high school," he explained, "I was on the state championship swimming team. I didn't swim at IU, but I noticed a lot of guys would pay $3 to $5 to have the varsity swimmers steal the practice T shirts. I guess they wanted to take on the appearance of jocks."

Now, judging from his mail, it would appear that athletic departments, far from being angry, are grateful. The problem of theft has been reduced.

Projected sales for this year add up to $4.5 million.

FOR THE BIRDS—AND PEOPLE

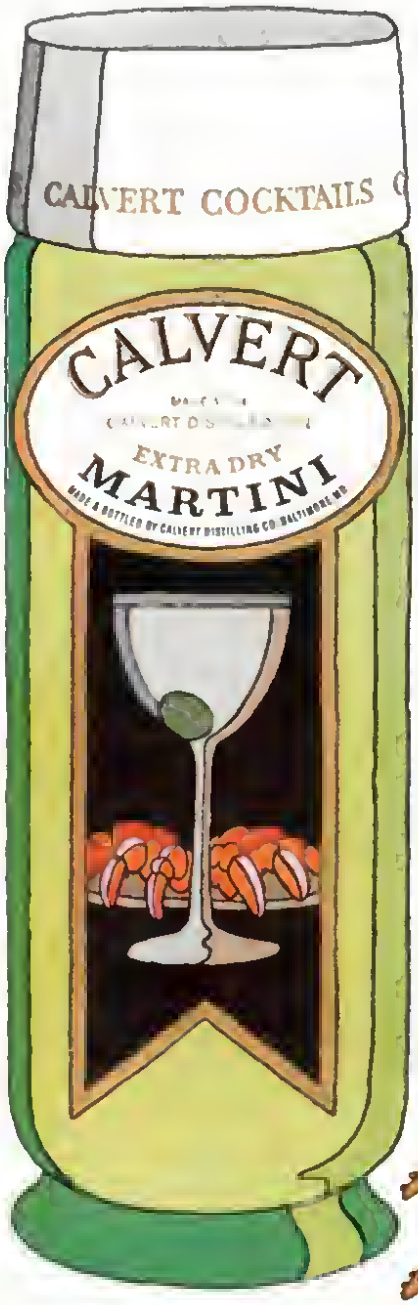
Some revolutionary words were spoken at the 63rd annual convention of the National Audubon Society, which was created to protect wild birds but now has been forced to adopt a wider view. "We've got to create a grass roots demand for government that will be responsive to human needs," Roland C. Clement, a vice-president, told the 900 members and observers who attended. "And not that minimum government designed to give industry a free hand in resource exploitation."

They were words that reflected a growing militancy within the conservation movement—a militancy that bothers those who resent losing the chance to make a buck on a marsh or a tree or an al-

continued

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everywhere.



We mix our Goof-proof Martini with Calvert 100% Dry Gin, extra-extra dry vermouth, and great care. You mix it with tailgating parties, touchdown celebrations, and old school songs. Just stir a serving over ice, and it's as if the bartender just made it specially for you.
Rah! Rah! Rah!





After the game,
have a little friendly play-by-play discussion
over some Goof-proof Cocktails.



Cheers.

The old team isn't
quite what it used to be
when you were in college.

Martini—70 Proof • Also available: 11 1 Vodka Martini—75 Proof, Whiskey Sour, Gin Sour, Daiquiri, Manhattan—60 Proof: Margarita, Tequila Sour—55 Proof—Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

A one year guarantee, refund or replacement by Monsanto, comes with all Wear-Dated® clothes. Return them with tag and sales slip if they don't last for one full year's normal wear. 50% Blue "C"® polyester, 50% rayon. Right: maize, powder, loden, putty, navy. 36-46, 40-46L. About $14. Left: lined in 80% Acrilan® acrylic fiber, 20% modacrylic. Navy/navy, loden/loden, sage/loden, putty/brown, brass/brown. 36-46. About $20.



What this country needs is a good old-fashioned bargain.



Pacific Trail Sportswear

ligator. The Audubons are of a mood now to take their causes to court rather than fight them with cries of outrage

"A court of equity is the only place to take effective action against the polluters and despoilers," the convention was told by Victor J. Yannacone Jr., a lawyer who himself has brought successful legal action against the use of DDT in Long Island's Suffolk County

The convention unanimously adopted a resolution urging a ban on the use of the pesticide throughout the U.S.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall urged the society to establish a firm rapport with the younger generation. This, in fact, is already being done

"We finally got our little boy to attend the Junior Audubon programs," an outdoorsy lady was telling a friend. "He thinks it's called the Junior Atom Bomb Club."

THE DEEPFREEZE GAME

The wind of Pebble Beach? The altitude of *Broadmoor*? The sand of *Pine Valley*? For a real challenge sometime, join Bill Joss on one of his golf courses in the Canadian Arctic.

Joss, a station manager for the Hudson's Bay Company at Holman in the Northwest Territories, lays a course over the ice each fall and, before it disappears in the spring thaw, plays countless games by himself and with visiting bush pilots and Royal Canadian Mounties. Temperatures dip to 34 below zero and steel-like gusts blow off the Beaufort Sea, but still Joss enforces his own made-up rule that the club must be gripped with gloveless hands. He paints the balls red with Jungle Glory nail polish so that they can be seen against the white snow and ice.

"Elderly Eskimos think I'm a little crazy," says Joss, "but the small fry can be depended upon to form a gallery whenever we tee off."

NOTICE TO GOURMETS

Buffalo meat may yet return to the dinner plates of North Americans. The National and Historic Parks Branch of Canada's Indian Affairs and Northern Development Department is advertising that some of its buffalo herds are available to commercial ranchers. It should be a reasonably profitable business, according to J. I. Nicol, one of the branch directors. Buffalo have been slaughtered and sold for meat before, but not on the hoof for breeding purposes. The Cana-

continued





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dian government has not yet been able to supply the demands of people who want buffalo meat (it's delicious) from the government herds. And this year buffaloburgers were an especially big item at Expo '67, where millions got their first taste of the meat.

A few private herds of buffalo exist, but, mostly, the surviving descendants of the millions of buffalo that once ranged the Western plains live in controlled herds at Elk Island National Park, near Edmonton, Alta., and Wood Buffalo National Park, on the Alberta-Northwest Territories border.

Minimum price for a buffalo: $300. They are hardier than beef cattle and require roughly the same range. The main problem in raising them for meat is the need for strong fences.

"An electric fence is no good," Nicol said. "They'll charge an electric fence and get a good jolt as they go through, but in spite of that they'll break through all right."

For a start, the branch plans to sell one herd of 22 cows and three bulls.

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS

Some football coaches are marvels at persuading their players that they have a chance against a superior team. One of them is Dick Jones of Tamaqua High School in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania.

The week before Tamaqua was to play unbeaten Pottsville, Jones tacked this sign to a dressing-room wall: "If you hit hard enough, even a tree will splinter."

Then, to prove his point, he herded his players into a nearby forest, where they spent an entire session blocking trees. Smaller trees broke, bent and splintered, and a few nights later little Tamaqua tied mighty Pottsville 6–6.

THEY SAID IT

- Ray Perkins, Baltimore Colt rookie, on his operation for a severe skull injury: "It's just like a knee injury—except I had it in the head."
- Jake Kline, Notre Dame baseball coach, on Carl Yastrzemski, who signed with the Red Sox in his sophomore year before he ever played a varsity game with the Irish: "I never had a chance to ruin him."
- Art Fleak, Oklahoma State tackle, explaining his ferocious blocking: "I just imagine that the guy on the other side of the line is a professor that's been giving me a bad time."

AND

YOUTH SERUM



Feed your new baby the formula that keeps it running young.

Ever wonder why auto manufacturers generally advise against running a new car at high speeds?

It's because a new engine is tight, stiff and vulnerable to the kind of friction that causes erosion of metal parts; the kind of friction ordinary motor oils just can't cut.

STP can cut that friction, though. Because STP Oil Treatment is a super concentrate so strong it clings to all metal parts without breaking down or draining off.

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A. J. Foyt, Parnelli Jones, Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill and most of the other leading car racers prove STP cuts friction to a fraction every time they put it through their grueling tests.

Add STP. Youth will be served.

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This gentle reminder is presented by the makers of the new Talon Zephyr nylon jacket zipper, who do their best to help you replace some of these skeletons in your closet.

Our Song.

(To be sung to your husband before his next business trip.)



Take Me Along

From the Broadway musical "Take Me Along."



"Take me a - long if you love-a-me. Take me a - long if you love-a-me.



Take me a - long with you——. My heart will ride, sweet 'n glo-ri- ous



high a-bove the throng if you will Take me a - long with you——."

And this'll sound like music to his ears, too!
United's "Take Me Along" fare will save up to one-third of a wife's fare both ways.
We'll let you charge it with our credit card.
We'll give you side-by-side seating.
And what's more, you can even get reduced hotel and car rental rates on the weekend in most cities. So you can stay over and stretch your trip.
Why not try our song?
It's really a pretty sound idea.
First Step: Call United or your Travel Agent.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Dave, they're playing our song."

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 16, 1967

EL BIRDOS FLY HIGH

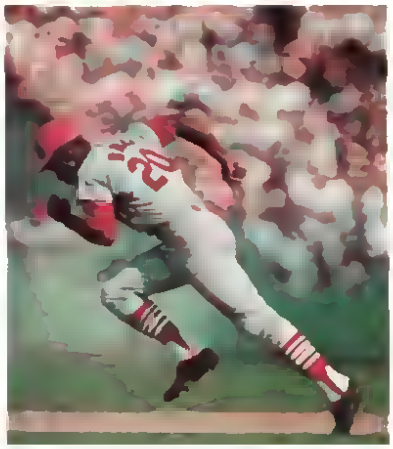
Tha St. Louis Cardinals, using a double-clawad attack consisting largely of Bob Gibson's pitching and Lou Brock's all-round skills, took an imposing grip on tha 1967 World Serias

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Cardinals' Gibson, his extrevagent pitching style displayed against Fenway Park's great green wall, overpowered the Red Sox hitters.



GAME 1



There is a large sign advertising bourbon beyond left-center field at Fenway Park in Boston, and three hours before the first game of the 64th World Series a couple of tons of rascals were already perched on every treacherous inch of it so that they could eventually see how the "Miracle Red Sox" of 1967 would do against the National League Champion St. Louis Cardinals. The stands were filled with enough Irish politicians to make one wonder who was minding the wards. Harvard and Smith types, those greatest of all front-runners, sported big buttons on their tweeds reading, "Yaz sir that's my baby." A very well-organized lad lofted a grappling hook onto the roof in left and scampered up a rope ladder to see at firsthand, and in fair territory, what a Series was all about.

Since Fenway Park is not really a baseball park at all but merely a jai alai fronton with foul lines, everyone expected to see the Cardinals and Red Sox, two fine hitting teams, carom shots off it, over it and maybe even through it. Instead, they saw the wall used very little as Bob Gibson, Lou Brock, Curt Flood and Roger Maris led St. Louis to a 2–1 victory which really wasn't that close.

The Cardinals rose early, boarded their team bus and started needling each other and ripping Boston on their way to Fenway. "Well," said Curt Flood, "it's a great thing for baseball that the

continued

Shortstop Petrocelli argued but speedy Brock was safe with his second stolen base of the game, and moments later he scored the winning run



Red Sox won. A great thing for a great game in a great town, and they have great spirit and they should put up signs on every great church saying, 'God bless the California Angels.' "

Bob Gibson sat alone near the front of the bus. On days when he is pitching Gibson says little. He thinks how much he hates the other team and what it means to win. However, as the bus moved slowly through the snarled traffic near Fenway, Gibson hollered, "Flood, that's the park up there. That's the pak, Fenway Pak, where all the cars are going." Three mounted policemen moved alongside the Cardinal bus to clear the way of youngsters trying to hang onto it. "Giddyap," hollered Gibson. "Spread the word. The Redcaps are coming; the Redeaps are coming."

The Redcaps started out as though they were going to ride right through Boston, whacking nine hits in the first six innings off Jose Santiago. But Santiago, a pitcher who seems to thrive on trouble, hung on—with the help of a double play in the first, a double play in the second, a marvelous throw to the plate by Carl Yastrzemski in the fourth and a running, backhand catch by Yastrzemski in the fifth—and going into the seventh was tied 1–1 with Gibson, thanks to a stunning fly-ball home run that Santiago himself lifted to the top of the wall.

But then in the seventh inning Brock stung his fourth straight hit and quickly stole second with a head-first slide. The throw from Catcher Russ Gibson was high, and Brock's hand got to the base under Shortstop Rico Petrocelli's tag. Petrocelli started to argue with Umpire Frank Umont, but Umont, on top of the play, gave three quick safe signs and said, "*No, no, no!*" to Petrocelli, and there was no further argument. Flood then advaneed Brock perfectly by hitting a ground ball to the right side of the infield (ah, those little things that win ball games), and when Maris hit a grounder to Jerry Adair at second, Brock was across the plate almost before Adair fielded the ball. It was the second RBI for Maris, each coming on a grounder to the right side with Brock on third. "You're supposed to get the man in from third any way you can when there's less than two outs," said Maris.



Catcher McCarver and slugger Yastrzemski watch as Yaz's homer haade for the stands.

GAME 2



Back in March the Red Sox were playing a spring-training game with the New York Mets. It was a wild, weird game, but it had significant moments. One of them found Bud Harrelson, the tiny Met shortstop who may weigh 150 pounds, facing Jim Lonborg, the 23-year-old intellectual who had been 9-17 for the Red Sox in 1965 and 10-10 in 1966. Lonborg was having a difficult time that day, just like everybody else (the final score of the game was a staggering 23–18), but suddenly he knocked little Harrelson down with a pitch at his head.

Could that pitch have set the tone for Jim Lonborg's 1967 season? Absolutely. Lonborg this year realized that in order to win consistently a pitcher must drop a few calling cards, and one of the most important is the knockdown pitch. Now, on the second day of the Series, Lonborg stood on the mound, glanced down at his glove with "$10,000" written on it (the anticipated winning share) and threw his first pitch of the game to Lou Brock. Well, not really to—*at* Lou Brock.

After that Lou grounded out and Lonborg went on to pitch the fourth one-hitter in Series history as the Red Sox won 5–0. He had a perfect game going until he walked Curt Flood on a 3-and-2 pitch with one out in the seventh inning, and he had a no-hitter until Julian Javier hit a slider into left field for a double with two out in the eighth.

Lonborg led the major leagues in hit batsmen this year, with 19, but he also became a brilliant pitcher capable of hitting the corners with his curve and winning the big games for the Sox again and again. He won the opening game for Boston and the one that clinched the pennant on the final day and 20 others in between. The second game of this Series was his biggest victory of all.

Boston's two true heroes all season have been Lonborg and Carl Yastrzemski, and out in the bleachers in right center a banner kept being raised during the game which read, "Gentleman Jim, we like him—and Yaz too." Yastrzemski, in the fourth inning, launched a line-drive home run into the stands in the right-field corner off Cardinal Pitcher Dick Hughes. "I made a half-mistake on Yastrzemski," said Hughes later, "and he made a whole one out of it." In the sixth the Red Sox added another run, and then in the seventh Yastrzemski hit a second homer, this one with two on, which went over the bullpen in deep right center and landed only five seats from the banner in the bleachers. As he trotted around the bases, the Series seemed to be turning into a thing for right-handed pitchers and left fielders.

What can be said of Yastrzemski, the marvelous son of a Polish potato farmer from Long Island, N.Y.? Only a Yastrzemski would go out after the first game of a World Series and take extra batting practice on his own. Only a Yastrzemski would say, "What a great thing it is to

continued



Still sweating after near-perfect game, genial Jim Lonborg answers interviewer's questions.



Happy St Louis fans applaud, and Orlando Cepeda, the Cardinals' chief cheerleader, races out of the dugout to give Mike Shannon a big slap-hand

get the chance to play in a World Series," and then add, "I'd say the only problem with it is that we have 20 relatives and friends staying at our house and it's a little difficult getting into the bathroom." When the game was over Yastrzemski and Lonborg stood on two chairs in the clubhouse answering reporters' questions. Politely they kept saying, "Is there anything more that you want to know?"

Then the Red Sox climbed aboard their bus and moved on to Logan Airport to fly to St. Louis. Thousands of Red Sox fans lined the overpasses and sidewalks at both ends of the Callahan Tunnel and hollered "Yaz, Yaz" as the bus passed by. Inside, Carl Yastrzemski was waving back at them and saying, "We'll be back. Back as winners."

GAME 3



The last of Jim Lonborg's calling cards came back to haunt the Red Sox in the third game of the Series. Lonborg admitted to the press in Boston Friday that he had deliberately brushed back Lou Brock, and while the Cardinals are better known for their fielding, pitching, hitting and running, they aren't bad at reading, either. Almost every Cardinal read what Lonborg had said and, as any sportsman knows, a fish is never caught until it opens its mouth.

In the top of the first inning Nelson Briles, whose control was such that he did not walk a man all day, hit Carl Yastrzemski in the leg. Yastrzemski fell to the ground, clutching the leg, got up, shouted a sarcastic "Thank you" to Briles and trotted off to first base. Man-



greeting after the latter's two-run home run.

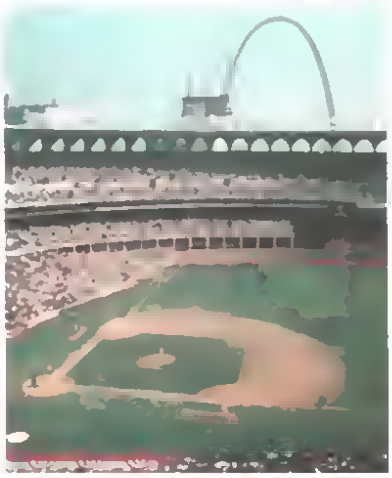
ager Dick Williams jumped out of the Boston dugout screaming at Umpire Frank Umont that Briles had deliberately hit Yaz. Umont calmed Williams down and called Red Schoendienst out of the Cardinal dugout to join the conference. The Cardinal manager let loose a counterattack at Williams. "Pitching tight is part of the game—Briles wasn't trying to hit him," Red said, along with some other comments that included words and phrases like brushhacks and knockdowns and statements to the press. Umont, who was once a pro football player, warned both managers to cease and desist, and the game went on.

Although Boston showed occasional signs of life, the Red Sox were never really in the game after the second inning. In the first Brock tripled past Yastrzemski in left center, Curt Flood singled him home, and the crowd of 54,575 at Busch Stadium had a 1-0 lead. Then, in the second inning, Mike Shannon hit a two-run homer off Boston Pitcher Gary Bell to make the score 3-0. The Red Sox got a run back in the sixth, but when the Cardinals came up, there was Brock again. He tried to bunt down the third-base line, and the ball barely went foul. On the next pitch he went the other way and dragged a hunt past Reliever Lee Stange for a base hit. There are days when it seems to a pitcher that Brock takes 89-foot leads off first base (*see cover*), and this was one of them. He kept inching off, and Stange kept throwing to first to hold him on. Stange's third throw bounced off Brock and past First Baseman George Scott, and Brock ramhled all the way around to third base. One out later the quietly efficient Roger Maris scored him with a line single.

The final score was 5–2, and St. Louis did everything almost perfectly. Except for that time he hit him, Briles kept Yastrzemski off the bases, getting him three straight times on ground balls to the second baseman. Dalton Jones and Reggie Smith got five of the seven hits off Briles and drove in both Boston runs, but that was about it. Of course, on "beer day" the Cards always seem to do things right. Beer day—or, during the season, beer night—is something special with the Cardinals, like the silly red-and-white ball they throw around during infield practice or the way they kid each other and call themselves El Birdos. On the opening day of each home stand Butch Yatkeman, the clubhouse man, hands each player an envelope that contains a letter saying, "This will introduce so-and-so, who is a member of the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team." When the player takes his letter to a store he receives a free case of either Budweiser or Busch Bavarian beer.

The third game of the Series was, in effect, the first day of a home stand and so Yatkeman wrote on the clubhouse blackboard, "El Birdos never lose on Budweiser-Busch beer day." When the Cardinals saw the message they joked and hollered, "It's gonna be ours today. What's our record on beer day?" Yatkeman said, "It was 10-4 during the season, but it should have been better." That afternoon it improved to 11-4 and the Red Sox fell one big game behind.

GAME 4



It was cool and overcast in St. Louis for the fourth game, and after the first inning the game was never really a game at all as the Cardinals smothered the Red Sox with four quick runs on their way to a 6–0 victory. Throughout the Series Boston appeared to be following a straight course, one that allowed Lou Brock to touch off every inning. After the game was over, St. Louis had been up to bat in a total of 34 innings. Brock had led off 13 of them, and he had been to the plate only 17 times.

He started off the fourth game with a topped roller to Third Baseman Dalton Jones, and on the last hop the ball jumped to Jones's right, forcing him to throw sidearm and too late to get Brock. When Curt Flood followed with a hard single to left, St. Louis had runners on first and second with nobody out and Roger Maris coming to bat. Five times in the first three games Maris had come up with runners in scoring position—three times he had batted in runs, once he had walked and once he had flied out—a remarkable record under pressure. As he dug in now, Maris looked out at the deployment of the Boston outfielders and was surprised to see that they were playing him as a dead pull hitter. Time and again, all season long, he had stroked the ball to the opposite field to gather hits and advance runners. "If I get anything near the outside of the plate," he thought, "I'll go to left." Jose Santiago, Boston's pitcher, had been fortunate in escaping threats in the first game, but Maris took care of any repetition of that. Santiago threw a pitch on

continued




Cardinals
25


330

the outside edge of the plate, and Maris lashed it down the line in left for a double and two runs. So the trap door had been opened again by Brock and propped up by Flood, and Maris, Cepeda, Tim McCarver, Julian Javier and Dal Maxvill pushed Santiago down it. Boston never recovered, never got a runner to second off Bob Gibson until the ninth and never did score.

Before the game Maris had sat alone on the Cardinal bench discussing Busch Memorial Stadium and the Cards. "To me," he said, "this is the best of the new parks because it is fair to pitching, offense and defense. We have speed and power, and we have guys who know what they are doing. With the Yankees we had much more muscle and played for the big inning; here, we get what we get, and we know how to go about getting it.

"One of the few things here that sometimes bothers us is that people are in such a hurry to compare us with the Gas House Gang. We're El Birdos because Cha-Cha [Cepeda] named us that, and that is what we want to be called and remembered as. There were quite a few who said in the spring that St. Louis could not win because it had two troublemakers in Cepeda and myself. But one day Cha-Cha just pointed at me and said, 'Roger, you and me. You know what I mean?' "

Until his last time at bat in the third game Cepeda had hit only one ball out of the infield in 10 tries, but on his 11th at bat, in the eighth inning of Game 3, he had hit a strong double off the right-field wall to score Maris. During his hitless drought the Cards kept needling Cepeda, who will probably be named the National League's Most Valuable Player. "Cha-Cha," they would say, "we been carrying you all year long. Now you're getting heavy." Cepeda takes such ribbing well. On top of his locker in the Cardinal clubhouse sits a trophy that was presented to him by Trainer Bob Bauman not long after the start of the season this year. It is made of a No. 8 tin can, an inverted funnel and two handles, and it has an inscription written on it. The inscription says, "Orlando Cepeda. Now a regular on club. In the opinion of judges, no longer on probation." Orlando is proud of it.

Flood and Javier (above) and Maris got four hits in fourth game, and next day Maris homered off Lonborg for the Cardinals' only run.

As for Gibson, he preserved his shutout even after Yastrzemski had doubled to open the ninth and had moved to third on a fly ball. Yaz was left on third when Gibson struck out Reggie Smith and got Jerry Adair to bounce out to end the game. Afterward Carl said, "It may seem foolish to gamble on moving to third on a fly ball when you are six runs down, but if Gibson was going to get his shutout he was going to have to earn it."

George Thomas of the Red Sox said, "Tomorrow we may have to arrange it like a football game—put three men on Lou Brock." In the Cardinal clubhouse Cepeda shouted the cheer he uses after every winning game. Three times he hollered, "El Birdos!" And each time the team hollered, "Yay!" "Three games to one," shouted Orlando. "Yay!" came the answer. "You want to go back to Boston?" A resounding "No!" filled the room.

GAME 5



The Red Sox forced El Birdos back to Boston by winning the fifth game behind another excellent pitching performance by Jim Lonborg. After his one-hitter in the second game, Lonborg had been a source of concern to both St. Louis and Boston. The Cardinals had been angered by his admitting in print that he had thrown brush-back pitches at their hitters, and this rather amused Lonborg. ("I imagine what is going on here," he said, "is fundamentally only a matter of semantics.") The Red Sox were worried because he had been harassed by a severe cold, headaches and chills. In any case, few thought that he could again master St. Louis so completely. For one thing, he had pitched five times in 16 days, and this would be his third "must" game in little more than a week. Red Sox Manager Dick Williams put Mike Andrews, Joe Foy and Ken Harrelson into his lineup to get more punch into a batting order that had hit only .190 against St. Louis pitching in the two previous games. Williams wanted to get eight right-handed batters in the lineup (the one left-hander was Carl Yastrzemski) against Steve Carlton, the young Cardinal lefty, but in doing so he weakened his lineup defensively. Yet Foy, Andrews and Harrelson each did a surprisingly good job on defense for Boston, and in the third inning they built the big run of the game. With one out, Foy singled sharply to left, and Andrews followed with a safe hunt down the third-base line on which Mike Shannon was charged with an error. Carl Yastrzemski came up with two on and one out, but Carl was called out on strikes and he stormed back to the dugout, throwing both bat and batting helmet in disagreement with Plate Umpire Ed Runge's call. Harrelson, who had helped the Sox little during the final two weeks of the season and who had not had a hit since September 22, now singled to left and Foy scampered across the plate.

St. Louis got only one solid hit off Lonborg through eight innings—Roger Maris' single in the fourth—as he kept the ball down consistently. Boston got Lonborg two insurance runs in the ninth when the St. Louis relief pitching failed for the second straight time in the Series and Maris threw high to the plate, just missing a force play on a single with the bases loaded. "I was going away from the plate," said Maris, meaning the wrong way to throw, "and the ball went high." Roger hit a homer in the last of the ninth to end Lonborg's scoreless streak, but it was only a gesture.

In the Red Sox clubhouse Dick Williams said, "The only one of their pitchers who has impressed us so far is Gibson." Harrelson, who was sitting on a chair drinking beer, said, "It's just like it was at the end of the season when we had to beat Minnesota two games in a row for everything." Lonborg said, "Now we get them back up in our Green Monster." Someone asked him, "What do you think of Aristotle?" He just smiled and said, "Passion dulls the reason of all mankind." **END**

'PLEASE DON'T DIE NOW, BABY'

That was the riders' plea as nearly 200 motorcycle racers pursued one of the nation's toughest sports championships up the steeps, down the hairy slopes and through the mire around Jamestown, N Y.

by KIM CHAPIN

The way Chuck Boehler, the sadist in charge of fun and games for the Chautauqua Lake Cyclists, laid out the course was simplicity itself. Diabolical, perhaps, but simple. First, he scouted 20 large plots of land surrounding a dozen small communities and one nudist camp in three counties and two states near Jamestown, N Y. Then he and two other Chautauqua club members took their enduro motorcycles and rode through the stands of maple and elm and pine that still abound in western New York, into stream beds and up the sides of substantial hills, along camping trails, forgotten logging trails and even, for one section, on the old corduroy road that was part of the stagecoach run to Buffalo. Finally Boehler found stagnant water with stuff beneath that quickly turned to mucky ooze when a motorcycle chewed into it. Boehler and the others prowled happily for three months until they had devised a highly irregular loop of 100 miles, eliminating only those sections where they couldn't get at least one of the trio's bikes through. One section up a sheer embankment was tossed out when Boehler got a letter from a frustrated rider who had suffered last year and wrote: "I don't mind the expense or the traveling or anything else, but I refuse to engage in a weight-lifting exhibition up there."

Roughly 40 miles of the course was over more or less virgin terrain, and of the other 60, listed as "roads," well, about half of that was passable to normal human beings only in Land-Rovers, Jeeps or tractors.

To get everybody through this tanglewood in last Sunday's national endurance race, 6,000 route markers were slapped on telephone poles, trees, bushes —anything that would hold them—in the belief that they would give some guidance to the riders and in the added hope that a competitor wouldn't yank one or two off a tree and thereby send the following riders off into still deeper wilderness.

Early in the race three riders missed the second turn sign. Two realized their error and got back on the more or less beaten path. The third, however, continued blithely into the little town of Busti and quite possibly hasn't realized his error yet. Such, in essence, is a run for the American Motorcycle Association endurance championship.

On Sunday 186 riders started and 33 finished, and every one of them was as oblivious to such rites of autumn as the World Series and college and professional football as he was later to the rain that compounded Boehler's nightmare. They all churned through picturesque spots like Nelson's Farm, which resembles the setting for Steve McQueen's motorcycle ride in *The Great Escape* until you see the camouflaged logs in the field, infinitely more difficult to negotiate than barbed wire; the Mud Hole, which needs no explanation, as the rider on the right found out; Sturdevant Woods, which ends in a 50-foot slide down a shale embankment onto U.S. 60, where the mad procession startled families on Sunday-afternoon drives, and Cuh Gulf, where a rider nearly drowned two years ago when his bike tipped over and pinned him in a water hole.

Jim Parker of Jamestown, who was a gung-ho racer until successive broken legs during the 1965 and 1966 seasons got him thinking ("My left knee doesn't work like other people's") and was a spectator at Sunday's run, said "You've got to pick and bull. You pick your way in the easy going and when it gets rough you just rev and bull your way through any way you can."

An enduro run is scored roughly like a sports car rally. Riders leave at intervals with 1,000 points in hand and attempt to complete the course at a prescribed average speed—at Jamestown, 20 miles per hour. Points were subtracted for being early or late at 12 checkpoints.

Enduros attract a variety of talent and machines, bikes especially made for them and street motorcycles modified for the woods. And the riders wear every conceivable form of garb: sweat shirts and blue jeans, baseball catchers'



Sloughing through the Mud Hole goes Harvey Reder, kicking desperately to clear muck

shin guards, football shoulder pads, Barbour suits, which look like Army fatigues except that they have a hundred pockets to carry things such as spare shift and clutch levers and sparkplugs, chain link repair kits and assorted screwdrivers and wrenches.

But whether they are full-time enduro riders, like Bob Fusan of Glenshaw, Pa., who won at Jamestown, or Bill Baird of Sterling, Ill., who has all but clinched his seventh national title, or first-timers, the kick is still in the roar and jar of hard competition. Dave Berg of the Chautauqua club, who helped Boehler lay out the course, said, "I've tried nearly everything and this is it—the man and the machine and the clock."

At the Mud Hole, only 15 miles into the course, the toll was heavy. After shoving and pulling and occasionally riding his bike through 200 yards of muck, George Westley stopped, shook his muddied head and asked quietly, "How do you get back?" He was through.

Bill Gillis actually came by with a hint of a smile. He hit water and a great cloud of steam joined the clots of mud flying from his rear wheel, which was slowly sinking into the ooze. "Don't die now, baby, don't die now," he mumbled. Then he saw a spectator doubled over with laughter off to the side and said, "You really know how to hurt a guy."

A minute later William Bailey hit the hole and stalled. Bailey sagged off his machine. "Mamma told me not to do this," he said.

Mamma was so right. At Cub Gulf, part of which follows a ravine, bikes did unintentional wheelies (reared up on the back wheels while the riders hung on and prayed), and at another section one man hit a hidden rock and was launched into a reverse somersault. Luckily, he and the bike chose to land at different locations. The nudists would have loved it if they had been around to observe but, sensibly enough, they had already packed it in for the season. **END**



MOD GOLF STRIKES AT OLD ST. ANDREWS

Abandoning its royal and ancient ways, the Old Course hosts the biggest golf promotion ever, and Gay Brewer wins $55,000 **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

Birds in tight white pants suits and miniskirts strolling by the fairway? Impossible. A trick-shot golfer performing right there in front of the sacred first tee? Ridiculous. A lush, green golf course of which even a Florida resort would be proud? Never! This is St Andrews, Scotland's old, gray, dour, surly, crusty St. Andrews where the members sit in the lounge of the old, gray, dour, crusty Royal and Ancient clubhouse overlooking the first and 18th fairways and chortle at the way the wind and rain blow in off the North Sea

Forget it. Last week at the Alcan Golfer of the Year tournament all that ancient and honorable and cradle-of-golf stuff passed into the history books The world's most elaborate and expensive golf promotion was in progress at St Andrews, and Gay Brewer was beating Bill Casper by four strokes in a playoff to earn the biggest jackpot ever given to a tournament winner, $55,000 Throughout the event workmen were hammering out a glossy new hotel by the 17th fairway that would look far more at home at the edge of Waikiki than alongside the tatty Rusacks and Scores hostelries Soon, one senses, big new jets will be screaming down onto runways in the farmland outside of town, bringing the golf gang from London, New York, Miami Beach and Palm Springs, guys in lime-green slacks and rose-colored shirts who wouldn't know the Beardies from the Valley of Sin In fact, the only thing that remained the same about the old place was the wind and weather, and surely something can be done about that, too.

On the first day of the tournament it appeared that something had. Two events were being held simultaneously: the Alcan International, primarily for British pros, and the Golfer of the Year event, a select gathering of 19 players, 12 off the U S tour and five from Great Britain, who were competing for the big money When the 86 players emerged from their hotels around the course on the first day they gasped at the still air and the warm sunshine and could hardly wait to get out on the course and start tearing it apart—which they did. Of the 19 pros in the main event, no less than 13 broke the once rigorous par of 72 and seven of them shot in the 60s St Andrews had become such a patsy that even the usually feisty U.S. pros gushed with praise, a sure sign that they had found something they could score on

Heavy rains had been dousing St Andrews, but the weather is not the only reason why this once bald eagle of a golf course has taken on soft, colorful plumage and a dove's demeanor A year ago a sprinkling system was installed in and around the greens. Once dry and hard as oak flooring, the greens were soft and plush, the golfing equivalent of wall-to-wall carpeting The fairways had been heavily fertilized and overseeded with a soft strain of inland grass Once covered with a tight, hard, brown-colored seaside turf, the fairways now provide a tender target for tee shots, the same shots that used to hop and bound and finally, out of sheer perversity, drop into one of the course's multitude of deep sand bunkers. This was the kind of thing that gave the Old Course its distinction, and there are those who mourn its passing

"I think it's a great shame," said Peter Thomson, who won the second of his five British Open titles at St Andrews and also holds the course record for four rounds with a 275. "It used to be a course that required pinpoint—really pinpoint—driving to set up any kind of shot to the green Now you just lash away, go for the flag It's become a putter's course." Nor was this just sour grapes on Thomson's part, for he won the lesser event, had the week's lowest score, 281, and earned $10,200.

The look of the tournament matched the new look of the golf course. The Alcan International, played for a total prize of $33,000, was just routine, but the main contest, worth $129,000, was a promoter's delight. It was dreamed up three years ago by a Montreal magazine publisher named Hilles Pickens and a Montreal radio broadcaster named Doug Smith. The idea was to use four tournaments in the U.S. and four in Great Britain, and from the leading scorers in these establish a field for a tournament at St. Andrews. They sold the idea to Aluminium Ltd. of Canada, which was at the time changing its name to Alcan. Alcan thought the tournament would be a fine way to promote the new title with both the public and big buyers all over the world.

The theory had better be right, because Pickens and Smith estimate the sports splurge will cost Alcan between $750,000 and $1 million. On-site expenses, which included payments to the Royal and Ancient for helping run the tournaments and to the town for the rent of the course, totaled an estimated $150,000 Transportation for players, press and 100 Alcan clients who were installed at Gleneagles came to $42,000.

From the promotion point of view, at any rate, Alcan got par value for its money. Pickens rang in plenty of ancient history The tournament symbol became the wooden putter used by young Tom Morris, who died at 24, but only after having won the British Open four times The official opening ceremony became a March of the Golfers, a relic that even St Andrews had forgotten for 118 years The golfers contracted to parade sheepishly, as it turned out—from the center of town to the first tee, where they struck drives and stood around to watch trick-shot artist Paul Hahn put on his act Pickens even visited Young Tom Morris' grave and wrote a glowing piece about it.

"I felt kind of bad about sending out a release on a man's tombstone," he says, "but it got published a lot of places."

The ballyhoo going on at the course was no less vigorous. Alcan threw up a tent for its clients that looked like something out of the *Arabian Nights*. Pitched next to the R&A's imposing stone club-

house, the tent was 140 feet long, lined with blue-and-white-striped-silk bunting and featured hot-and-cold running water in the rest rooms. Player's, the cigarette manufacturer, offered a Rolls-Royce, a Piper Cherokee or a world tour to any golfer who could make an eagle 2 on the 414-yard 6th hole (none did). It also sent nine lovelies in white pants suits or miniskirts out on the course to peddle their wares—Player's—and it ran a regular squadron of helicopter tours over St. Andrews during play, which pulled golfers' heads up as the airborne tourists looked down.

Amid all this frantic promotional hoopla the golf tournament seemed almost incidental. Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus had qualified but sent their regrets. So, too, at the last moment, did top U.S. money winners Dan Sikes and Julius Boros. For big-name attractions the tournament had to rely on Casper, Brewer and Doug Sanders. Pretty good, to be sure, but not exactly the kind of star material that would prompt a sponsor—especially a million-dollar sponsor—to whoop with delight.

The U.S. stars did their best. Sanders, after a good first round, fell back when the wind began to blow. But Casper and Brewer played fine golf, even through gales that churned up whitecaps in St. Andrews Bay and threatened to rip the flags off the flag sticks. After three rounds they were tied with England's 22-year-old Brian Barnes at four under par, and Casper was playing so well that he might have made a runaway of the tournament had he not missed several short putts during the third round.

Sunday's fourth round was played in high wind, but the conditions did not bother the Americans. While Barnes faded, Casper and Brewer dueled stroke for stroke all the way around to where the R&A's fortress overlooks the 18th. There Brewer made a brilliant birdie, and when Casper, finishing later, could only manage a par the two of them were tied at 283. There was still no Golfer of the Year. Alcan needed St. Andrews for another day and the price of aluminum edged up. The playoff went the traditional 18 holes, the week's first traditional move at St. Andrews. One could only imagine on Monday night, as Alcan struck its tent, what Old Tom Morris would have thought about a twosome match at his links in which $55,000 went to the winner. END





Standing in lonely splendor on the 18th tee Casper looks out toward the St Andrews clubhouse while (below) his Monday playoff opponent, Gay Brewer, surveys a putt on a windswept green.



Even when the wind swirled and his passes fell short, a surer, more mature Joe Namath was able to move the Jets. Having whipped tough Oakland, New York suddenly is the AFL's team to beat in the East **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

THE PLAYS GO FOR THE NEW JOE

The wind at Shea Stadium can create illusions. It blows in from the outfield, whirls erratically inside the bowl, curls around the knees and down the coat collars of people in their seats, rouses little dust devils from the infield dirt and can make a thrown football dance like Joe Namath on a night out. Thus the wind brings an element of luck into quarterbacking at Shea, where the pass must be played like a bank shot and the passer is never quite certain where the invisible backboard is going to be.

The wind was part of the reason why neither Namath, who is growing into his job as quarterback of the New York Jets, nor Daryle Lamonica of the Oakland Raiders was very effective as a passer last Saturday on a cool and gusty evening. Throwing sometimes into, sometimes across and sometimes with the deceptive wind, both Namath and Lamonica seemed totally unlike the American Football League's two leading passers, which is what they had been. But there was nothing illusory about the way the Jets whipped the Raiders 27–14, thereby establishing themselves, after years of frustration, as probable champions of the AFL's Eastern Division.

The Jets have got off to fast starts before and have excited their fans into unreasonable expectations. For the past two seasons they fared only as well as did the quick arm and aching knees of Namath, their offensive leader. When Namath was good, so were the Jets. When he was not so good, there was gloom at Shea. The difference now is that the Jets can win without Namath throwing for a mile and a half and a dozen touchdowns a game. They beat Oakland, the toughest defensive team in the league, with their own defense—particularly the rush line and the linebackers—and with a solid running game built around the power and speed of Halfback Emerson Boozer, who can hardly walk for most of the week but can hardly be stopped on game day.

Namath proved his increasing maturity as a quarterback by calling an intelligent game against the Raiders, who

Johnny Sample snares ball away from Warren Wells for one of four Jet interceptions.

a week earlier had beaten Kansas City, the AFL's best team. With the big Oakland line coming at him hard and facing a frequent blitz, Namath fell back on the repeated use of a play the Jets refer to as 25 Lag.

Four things can happen off the 25 Lag. It can turn into a reverse, a pass or a reverse pass. But usually it turns into a draw play, with the 207-pound Boozer, from Maryland State, taking the ball, pausing for an instant to judge the flow of the incoming linemen and then choosing the course on which he wants his sore feet to carry him. If the rush is jamming up the inside, Boozer flees to the outside. If the rush is circling outside, he picks a route up the middle. "To put it simply, he runs to daylight," says Jets Coach Weeb Ewbank, using the phrase that Green Bay's Vince Lombardi was responsible for inserting into the argot of football.

Boozer, in his second season as a pro, is plagued by bunions on a pair of wide, gnarled feet. He thinks the bunions come from not having had the right kind of shoes when he was a child. After a game he spends hours sitting with his feet in a tub of hot water. For a couple of days he walks as if his shoes were full of glass. Painful though they are, he refuses to have the bunions cut off, because some of them are on his big toes. "The big toe is what controls your balance," he says. "If they go to fooling with your big toes, it's liable to ruin you. I would rather hurt."

When Boozer talks of hurting, Namath knows what he means. Namath has had his own problems in that area, with two operations on his right knee and bursitis in his left. Last season, before the second operation, Namath could barely move around on the football field. He could not set himself firmly to throw, and he was an easy target for rushers once they fought through the Jets' strong pass-blocking barrier. Namath also was unwilling to accept being tackled for a loss. The result was that he threw 27 interceptions. This year Ewbank has convinced Namath that an occasional loss of yardage is inevitable, and Namath will go limp and accept a knockdown before trying a dangerous, hurried pass.

Namath is concentrating more this season. He is better at finding his receivers because he has a clearer idea of where to look. That does not mean that his attitude toward the way he makes his living was frivolous in his first two years with the Jets, and neither does it mean that Namath has given up Manhattan's Upper East Side bars and discothèques. It merely means that he is somewhat older and a bit wiser.

"Joe has matured a lot in the last year," says a close friend of his. "He doesn't go for the teeny-bopper, discothèque scene so much anymore. He's better able to tell who his friends are and separate them from the ones who just want something from him."

Namath, sitting around his two-bedroom penthouse apartment at 76th Street and Second Avenue in New York on the night before the game with the Raiders, agreed that his life has altered slightly. He was sunk deep into his couch, and his feet were lost in the nine-inch-high pile of a white llamaskin rug that costs $175 to clean and another $75 to lay, an expensive proposition in the smoke and mushroom-soup air of Manhattan. There are Victorian chairs, a Swedish chandelier, a bar made of an antique Spanish chest, and in the two bathrooms the furnishings are 18-karat gold. Namath shares the apartment with Ray Abruzzese, a defensive back on the Jets' taxi squad, and Joe Hirsch, who writes about horse racing. The security in the building, with television spy eyes in the walls, is intensive, and Namath needs it. In the fall, at least, he is New York's leading sports celebrity, and New York is a town where athletes can get their clothes torn off by adoring mobs the way actors or singers do in other places.

"I guess it's true that I'm maturing," Namath said. "If learning is maturity, then I'm maturing, because I know I'm learning things. Mainly I'm learning to be careful what I say regardless of what my feelings are. A lot of things I say look distorted and sound bad when they're printed in the newspapers. So I think I really haven't changed so much as I've learned about people and I've learned to be careful who I talk to.

"I still like music and I like to dance. I go out, but not often. When I do go out, people make it sound like something. I can just be sitting around someplace, and people try to make something of it."

The night before the Jets opened their exhibition season this August, Namath was involved in an incident in a New York bar called the Open End. He had walked out of camp at Peekskill, N.Y. after informing Ewbank that he needed to return to New York to handle a personal problem. Ewbank warned he would be fined if he missed bed check, but Namath left anyhow. As he tells it now, he was worried by the bursitis in his left knee and by his family, which has had several cases of paralysis. An uncle had collapsed and died, paralyzed, in his kitchen in Beaver Falls, Pa. Shortly before Namath drove out of Peekskill, an older brother had awakened to discover he had no feeling in his limbs.

"Mom was pretty upset about it,"

continued



On phone, Namath plots plays with spotter.

Namath said. "She thought he had the same thing as my uncle. You know how mothers get upset about things. My brother is not altogether O.K. now, but he's walking around."

At the Open End, Namath allegedly slapped around Charlie Parmiter, the sports editor of *Time* magazine. The publicity he got around the country was vituperative. Four days later the Jets' players called Namath in to a private meeting and asked him to explain himself. "We wanted to find out if he had a reason for leaving camp, or if he just went on a bender," said Sam DeLuca, the Jets' captain. "He's our quarterback and the star, as Johnny Sample said, and we expected him to be a leader. He convinced us he had a reason for leaving camp. I don't know what the problem was, but we believed he had one. The meeting was what we needed."

After apologizing to his teammates, Namath went to work. The Jets blew their regular-season opener to Buffalo when Mike Mercer kicked two long field goals in the final minutes. Then they beat Denver, with Namath passing for 399 yards and two touchdowns, and Miami, with Namath throwing for 415 yards and three touchdowns. As the Jets prepared for Oakland, most observers thought the Raiders would do what they did last year and help to shove New York on a rapid slide downhill. Oakland has the AFL's finest secondary and one of the league's top front fours as well as excellent linebacking. "If there's one thing we think we can do," said Al Davis, former Oakland coach and AFL commissioner, now an owner of the Raiders, "it's play defense."

But Namath was readier for the Raiders then he ever had been before. "My football knowledge has improved," he said on Friday night. "It's a matter of reacting to situations on the field, coping with defenses. I have a better knowledge of my receivers and better timing with them. George Sauer, for example, and Don Maynard are very different. Maynard just gets to a point, and you have to know where he's going to be. Sauer is strictly a pattern man with precise timing, taking exactly the right number of steps. You learn those things with experience."

The Jets went into the game handicapped by the loss of DeLuca, an offensive guard, and Fullback Matt Snell, both of whom have been operated on for knee injuries. Snell is a superb blocker as well as runner, and, to take advantage of his absence, the Raiders planned a hearty blitz that would pour defenders through onto Namath. But the offensive line of New York—Center John Schmitt, Guards Dave Herman and Randy Rasmussen, Tackles Winston Hill and Sherman Plunkett and Tight End Pete Lammons—operates with one thought in mind, and that is to keep people from leaping on top of their quarterback. Their blocking is so good that, against Miami, Namath had time to pump the ball several times before throwing. "We try to keep them out at least four or five seconds, or as long as it takes Joe to do his job," says the 330-pound Plunkett. Rasmussen says, "I know if my man hits Joe, *I'm* in trouble."

The Oakland blitz quickly took away one of the Jets' favorite plays, called 76, in which both set backs flare. But a frantic Shea Stadium crowd of some 63,000, which had struggled through an unholy traffic jam with the hope that the Jets would not disappoint them this year, went mad when Namath hit Maynard for 30 yards to get close enough for the first of Boozer's two seven-yard touchdown runs. In the second quarter the Jets scored again after one of their four interceptions against Lamonica. Bill Mathis and Mark Smolinski, who substituted for Snell, ran as if they believed they were better than he is. Mathis made the second touchdown from the one-yard line. A field goal by Jim Turner after another interception put the Jets ahead 17–0 at half time.

Oakland's offensive line, meanwhile, was being mauled by New York's defense. The sweeps died with Clem Daniels, All-AFL halfback, turning hopelessly to the sideline. The Jets gave up nothing in the middle. In desperation Lamonica turned to the deep pass, but the New York ends, Gerry Philbin and Verlon Biggs, forced Lamonica to throw quickly, and the wind further damaged his timing.

In the third quarter, with New York leading 20–0, Lamonica hit a 14-yard touchdown pass to Bill Miller. But early in the fourth Namath threw the pass off 25 Lag and Mathis caught it for a 38-yard gain. Boozer, who rushed for 98 yards, scored to put the game away, despite Lamonica's final touchdown pass to Warren Wells.

The Raiders claimed not to be impressed. "We were flat," said Coach Johnny Rauch. "We didn't control the ball as we should have, and we couldn't get going. The Jets are no different than the team we faced last year. Namath has a quick delivery and striking variety—the bomb, the medium shot, the short pass. I guess I would have to rate him the best quarterback in the league. He has good offensive weapons in the backfield, and that takes some of the pressure off."

Corner Back Willie Brown, who intercepted two Namath passes and covered Sauer tightly, said, "Namath seems the same as last year, but I think he has better protection and more time to throw."

Namath has had a lively feud with Oakland's 6′7″, 265-pound end, Ben Davidson, and was quoted as saying that Davidson was "one of the dirtiest football players I ever saw." But Davidson said he didn't comment on that to Namath. "I'm too out of breath to talk to anybody during the game," said Davidson. "Once I did tell him he threw a nice pass. He called a good game."

Oakland Guard Gene Upshaw, nicknamed Super Rookie in the Raider training camp, was a little bitter. "Their defense didn't show me anything, and their offense was holding on every play," he said. "Wait until we get them back in Oakland."

But the Jets did not seem overly concerned about the Raiders' opinions. "This is the best team we've ever had here, and this was our best game," said Coach Ewbank. "Everybody played so well that we don't know who to give the game ball to."

Namath sat in front of his locker, chewing tobacco and drinking orange soda. "Joe really got belted a few times tonight," said Punter Curley Johnson. "But his knee held up. That's the important thing. This was a big one for us. Now I know we can go all the way."

Unless the Buffalo Bills can heal the injuries that have wrecked their offensive line, the Jets at last seem in position to do exactly that. It may not be an illusion this time. **END**

Emerson Boozer tumbles into end zone with big Oakland Defender Ben Davidson on his heels for first score after twisting run from the seven.


20
42
3

An unfair comparison between

We asked a professional photographer to take a picture of both cars under identical conditions.

Thereby putting the Mustang at a disadvantage.

Our Javelin is equipped with massive contour bumpers.

Unfair to Mustang, because thin blade bumpers don't photograph as well.

Our Javelin is endowed with yards of costly glass. Side windows are all one piece, without vents to break up the line.

Unfair, because Mustang isn't nearly so generous.

Our Javelin has a richer, more polished look. Roof joints are hand-finished.

Unfair, because it is cheaper to make roof joints by machine.

Our Javelin has a bigger displacement and more horsepower in its standard 6-cylinder engine, bigger displacement in its standard V-8.

Unfair.

Our Javelin has more leg room, more



The 1967 Mustang

the Mustang and the Javelin.

head room,the backseat is a good 5 inches wider.

Unfair.

Our Javelin has a bigger gas tank, a roomier trunk, a more powerful battery.

Unfair.

Our Javelin comes with a sophisticated (flow-through) ventilation system, wheel discs, reclining bucket seats and a woodgrain steering wheel.

And, unfairest of all, our Javelin lists for no more than the Mustang.

The preceding comparison was made between a 1968 Javelin SST and a 1967 Mustang Hardtop, only because this year's model was not available from the manufacturer in time for this printing.

We really tried to get one.

American Motors

Ambassador • Rebel • American • And the new Javelin



The 1968 Javelin SST

Price comparison based on 1968 list prices. Vinyl tops and whitewall tires optional on both cars.


42

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME 'O'

The 'O' is for offense, says Warren McVea, and what he and some blazing backs like him can mean to a team has become amply clear in the dramatic ups—and downs—of Houston's Cougars

by DAN JENKINS

A popcorn game, some coaches call it: the creams against the alabasters, or the porcelains against the pinks, or whatever you have when Caucasians play the game of football among themselves. Call it what you like, but be assured that it is becoming as out of date as the segregated drinking fountain. The Warren McVeas of the world—when they are healthy—have seen to that. The soul brothers have arrived in college football, not just here, there, but almost everywhere, and this year in particular it seems that a team which does not have the brilliant Negro runner is about as exciting to watch as a clumsy baton twirler.

As of this week three of the most surprising teams in the U.S.—Houston, Purdue and Southern California—are all featuring attacks built around the blazing talents of superb Negro backs. Purdue has Leroy Keyes, the man who beat Notre Dame, and USC has O. J. Simpson, who has slashed the Trojans right up to No. 1. But neither has quite rivaled the excitement generated by the wildest runner of them all and the one who may be the most valuable to his team, Wondrous Warren McVea of Houston.

While Keyes and Simpson were keeping their teams up there among the undefeated last Saturday, McVea was starting out to do so for the Cougars. Then, just eight minutes along in the game against North Carolina State, he was injured. With 41 yards in only five carries, McVea had had Houston looking as potent as ever, but when he suddenly went out with a shoulder bruise the blaze in Houston's offense went out just as swiftly. The result was a 16–6 upset by the Wolfpack, a defeat that came as the same sort of jolt to college enthusiasts as Houston's devastating victory over Michigan State did earlier—the thing that thrust McVea and the Cougars into national prominence in the first place.

McVea's injury was diagnosed as not being serious after Monday's X rays and, fortunately for the Cougars, they now have a week off in which to recover their dignity and get their blaze lit again. Without McVea, against North Carolina State, the Cougars did what Purdue or USC might do without Keyes or Simpson. They panicked, fumbling an atrocious seven times and throwing two interceptions, blowing a 6–0 half-time lead and crashing into the ranks of the embarrassed before a record Astrodome football crowd of 52,483.

Houston's efforts to mount an attack without McVea served to point out how important the splendid Negro runner is in this season of frantic emphasis on offense. "McVea is really something," said the Wolfpack's All-America tackle, Dennis Byrd. "I was sorry to see him hurt, but it really helped us." His injury also gave an even truer ring to McVea's own words long before the game.

"You got to play the big O nowdays," Warren had said, meaning offense. "That D will win for you sometimes, but you got to have the O."

The good Negro runner is hardly new to the college game, of course. You can go back to Ozzie Simmons at Iowa, or Kenny Washington at UCLA. You can come up to Buddy Young at Illinois, or Jim Brown at Syracuse, or Clinton Jones at Michigan State, and a lot of others. But you will not find so many good ones in so many far-flung places as there are this season, or so many teams eager to recruit others.

As Texas' Darrell Royal says, "It's been proved in a lot of sports that the Negro athlete simply has more speed. Now he is getting good coaching in our part of the world because of integrated schools. The result is a lot of spectacular backs."

Royal is a good example of a southern coach caught in the middle. There is pressure on Texas to recruit a McVea or a Simpson. Texas could use some O. And there is pressure not to. Meanwhile, the Negro players have gone elsewhere—the likes of Mel Farr, Charley Taylor, Junior Coffey, Wilmer Cooks, Johnny Roland, Clemon Daniels and Homer Jones, to name a few. They all came out of Texas high school football.

None, however, has come along with the speed and broken-field ability of McVea. Mac the Knife, as he has been labeled, is a ballcarrier who can outrun you or outdodge you. He starts quick, and then gets quicker. He stops and makes you collapse. He seems to slide sideways as fast as he darts forward.

McVea, a high-spirited individualist, is unique in many ways. He is the first much-recruited southern Negro to play on a major-college team in the Southwest, he is the star of the nation's only indoor football team and he is certainly the only All-America candidate in recent memory who has had a near fight with a teammate—a white teammate, at that—in plain view of a Domeful of spectators.

Although the mere sight of a football game in the Astrodome is bizarre enough, a more shocking scene occurred only two weeks ago when McVea and his principal co-star, Kenny Hebert, the excellent Houston split end, got into a scuffle in their own huddle during Houston's 50–6 victory over Wake Forest.

It happened in the second quarter at a time when the Cougars led by three touchdowns and were moving for another. When McVea failed to carry out a fake, Hebert, a fiery type from Pampa, Texas, came raging back to the huddle. He shoved himself up into McVea's face, and before the Astrodome's startled 41,000 began lecturing Warren.

It looked for all the world like professional jealousy, as if the Cougars' leading pointmaker, Hebert, and their lead-

continued

SIDELINED by shoulder injury last Saturday night, disconsolate McVea watches team lose

ing runner, McVea, were arguing over tomorrow's headlines. And one imagined the following conversation taking place down there on the bright green Astroturf:

Hebert: Knock off the loafing, Back of the Week.

McVea: Excuse me, Leading Scorer, I didn't know you were the coach.

Hebert seemed to push McVea, and McVea quickly bumped Hebert backward with his forearms, a mild sort of pass block. Out came this terrible, embarrassed gasp from the crowd.

Houston Coach Bill Yeoman was appalled. He waited a couple of plays, then took McVea out. McVea went to the sideline and promptly jerked away from Yeoman when the coach tried to put his arm around him, an act which drew another gasp from the crowd.

When McVea did not re-enter the game the rest of the evening, it looked as if Yeoman were disciplining him, but nothing could have been further from the truth. It was McVea himself—out of a combination of anger and dismay—who refused to play anymore. Nor did Yeoman insist, for he is lenient with his Wondrous One, proceeding on the probably sound theory that nothing helps his team quite so much as a happy McVea.

"I was really hot," McVea said two days later as he wandered around Rice Stadium in a nattily tailored gold suit and Paisley tie, watching a pro game between the Oilers and Broncos of the AFL. "I was shocked at Kenny. I guess I was a little embarrassed. The whole thing was over right there in the huddle, and we both apologized to each other. I could have gone back in, but it was 28-0 and they didn't need me."

One of the beautiful things about McVea is his realism. He admits that he finds it hard to put out when it is unneeessary. "I got this sore groin," he says. "Why should I abuse it against a team we're gonna beat pretty bad? If they had needed me, I'd have been in there." Besides, he doesn't like to run on the Astroturf, not at all. He thinks it is shortening his career. He says that it is hard as a dance floor, and you can't get good enough footing to cut properly. To help McVea and the rest of his Houston speedsters, Yeoman last week had padding put under the Astroturf to give the surface more resilience, a modification that was first tried last Saturday night for the North Carolina State game. It seemed to help some, especially when McVea got off a 34-yard seamper the third time he carried, but he was not destined to give it a thorough test.

McVea has been a controversial player throughout his career, mostly because he was one of the first big Negro stars to come out of Texas' integrated high schools. He scored a remarkable 591 points in three seasons at San Antonio's Brackenridge High and he closed out his eligibility there in a 1963 state playoff game that is a classic.

It was a bi-district encounter between Brackenridge and San Antonio Lee, and



A HEALTHY McVEA DISPLAYS BLITHE SPIRIT

McVea played a T-formation quarterback in that game, which Lee won by the score of 55-48. Still, Wondrous Warren scored six times for a total of 36 points in his losing cause. A film was made of the game, and it has become frazzled from being shown at luncheons and banquets. "The McVea film," as it is known, is still in demand.

That game was hardly over before McVea was being pursued by scouts from more than 75 colleges around the nation. He made trips to USC, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, and copies of his transcript were asked for by every college from the Rio Grande to Leningrad. A few Southwest Conference schools were interested in making McVea their first recruited Negro, something SMU's Jerry Levias has since become. (Levias led SMU to a conference title in 1966.)

All along, however, it was the University of Houston that had the inside track with Warren, whose second choice was USC. His family of eight brothers and sisters wanted him to stay close to home so they could watch him play, and Bill Yeoman lectured him on the pioneer spirit of Texans. "We can be a first," Bill had said. "You'll be the first Negro football star to stay home, and I'll be your coach. We'll go down the road together."

The idea appealed to Warren. An ardent sports follower, he knew about all the talented Negroes from Texas who had left the state in the past because they either were not wanted or did not want to brave the indignities that were sure to result from breaking the color barrier.

"The racial aspects didn't really bother me too much," McVea says. "I thought everyone was making too big a deal out of it. My high school was integrated. And I frankly never thought about it. I really didn't feel that much like a pioneer by staying in Texas and going to Houston. The big thing was being close to home."

There were some marvelous rumors about McVea during his first couple of seasons with the Cougars. Most of them centered around what Yeoman must have promised McVea to lure him away from the other recruiters. McVea was supposed to have received an automobile, a wardrobe to equal a South American dictator's, free trips home to San Antonio any time he wished to go, a telephone credit card, a suite of rooms at the Tidelands Hotel his freshman year ("to get adjusted"), a four-year salary of $40,000 . . .

Most of the rumors were started by rednecks, of which Texas still has many despite its plea that it is a southwestern state, as opposed to a southern one. And they all made Yeoman, in his words, "darn sick to my stomach." The talkers got a measure of pleasure when the NCAA put Houston on probation for three years in 1966 because of recruiting violations, but this involved players other than McVea. (The probation will keep Houston from playing in a bowl game this season.)

In his freshman season McVea did have an adjustment to make, and at first it seemed too big for him. He would overhear remarks as he strolled to class.

continued

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And a couple of players on the team refused to speak to him.

At one point during his freshmen season McVea went to Yeoman and said he couldn't take it. He said he guessed he had made a mistake and probably would be better off at an all-Negro school, such as Texas Southern. Yeoman almost swallowed his tie.

"I told him that few people in life had an opportunity like his," says Yeoman. "I told him I'd sink with him if that was what was going to happen, but I didn't think so. And he agreed to stay. If he's had any second thoughts since then, he hasn't expressed them to me."

So McVea didn't sink, and he certainly didn't vanish. Instead, Houston developed into a flamboyant team, one that is such an attraction that 7,000 standing room tickets were sold to the Astrodome last Saturday night.

It is typical of McVea's character that he has become an attraction off the team as well as on. While he prefers that no tackler touch him, he also prefers that none of his clothes—suits, slacks, sport jackets—touch one another in his dormitory closet. He attends classes in tailormade, beltless, cuffless slacks and alligator loafers. He has two tailors in Houston, one for suits and one for slacks.

He is also meticulous about football gear. His socks have to be high, and taped so that they can never—ever—slip down. His belt has to be pulled to just such a length so that the end flops out in front by a precise three inches. And no one must handle his shoes, whether they be the ones with the regular cleats for grass or the soccer cleats for Astroturf. "I just don't want anybody to touch my shoes," says Warren. "Been that way since high school. I carry my shoes in the buses or on the planes right by my side."

Warren hardly wants his own hair to touch him, and during the season he has kept his head totally shaved. Although it would be more to his taste to have it done by Norris of Houston in the swanky Warwick Hotel, Warren settles for having teammate J. B. Keys come to his dorm room and give him a clip every Thursday. But McVea doesn't pay him. "I can't," he says innocently. "That would make him a pro."

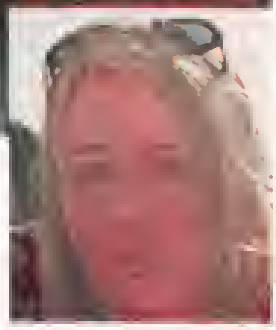
There was some question at first whether McVea was for real. Sure, he had been a high school great, but the YMCAs are full of those. Sure, he had been fast and tricky against high school defenders, but

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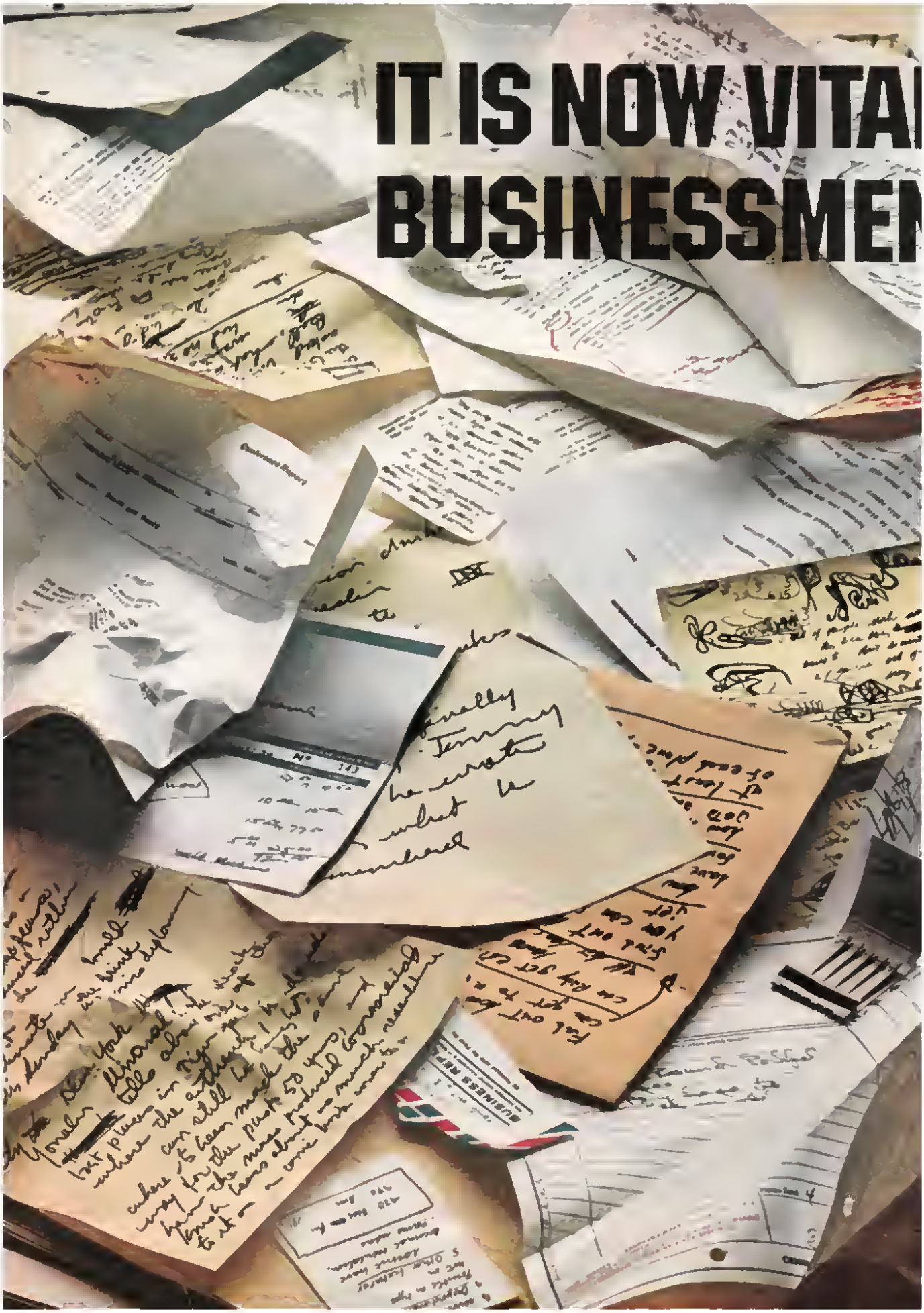
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this was the big time now. All doubt was removed one afternoon during a freshman scrimmage against the varsity that Yeoman will never forget. The freshman unit had been looking lethargic, primarily because McVea was hohhling around. Admittedly, he has never been a hrilliant workout player. "I have sore legs," he says with a smile. "But they have a habit of getting well on Saturdays." As the freshmen huddled, the coaches said that if they could make a touchdown drive they could quit for the day.

"Hold it," said Warren. "You mean if we score again, we can go in?"

The coaches nodded.

"Just gimme the ball," said McVea.

Whereupon Wondrous Warren got his hands on the football and lit out in his typical fashion on a 30-yard run for a touchdown. His style is basically smooth. His legs churn like spokes and his arms stay close to his sides. His cut is more like a sharp lean. He fakes his head and shoulders with great subtlety.

Despite his tremendous potential as an all-the-way runner, it took McVea a while to make a believer out of his varsity opponents. His first varsity game was a shambles. It was against Tulsa, on national television. Houston lost 14-0 in the Astrodome, and Warren fumbled four times. He was thereupon shifted from running back to flanker (where he wants to play as a pro) for the remainder of the season and for his first five games last year as a junior. Yeoman did not feel he had the blockers to give McVea enough daylight, and Warren, who is only 5' 10" and 180 pounds, agrees that he is not so hot without running room. Last year, though, Houston's fine guards, Rich Stotter and Bill Pickens, and Tackle Bill Cloud developed as path-clearers, and at midseason McVea became a runner again. He ended up averaging 8.8 yards per carry, and Houston finished with an 8-2 record.

This year, with his blockers even more proficient and Houston a confident team loaded with threats other than himself, Mac the Knife is off to his best start, despite the injuries to his pride, groin, shoulder and what have you. He has 324 yards on a mere 38 deliveries, or an average of 8.5 yards every time he flows inside or outside tackle. He believes that if his pains heal he still has opportunity enough in six remaining games to reach his goal of 1,000 yards. His long gainers have included runs of 20 and 19 against Florida State, of 50, 48 and 33 in the Houston upset of Michigan State, of 70 against Wake Forest and of 34 against North Carolina State. One of the remarkable things about his record is that in four games he has barely played enough to earn a letter. For a variety of reasons—anger, injury or the game being a rout—he has played little in the second half except against Michigan State.

It was McVea's free-lance running that ruined the Spartans and catapulted Houston into the Top 10 for the first time in the team's history. The game also won a handful of Back of the Week awards for Warren, but he did not think he had played especially well.

"Man, if I'd known I was going to be Back of the Week I'd have tried," he says.

From here on, McVea will have to try like never before if Houston is going to regain the company of the nation's elite. Next week the Cougars travel to Starkville, Miss. to meet Mississippi State, and the week after to Oxford to play Ole Miss. And then they come home to receive powerful Georgia. That makes three teams from Dixie in three weeks and two of them on the road. McVea has played Deep South teams before—Ole Miss in Memphis last year, for one—but never deep into the South.

"Starkville and Oxford," he sighed last week. "That's something I'm thinking about, all right. They threw a lot of stuff at me and hollered things in Memphis, but this could be worse. I just want to get in there and get out. I know we're a better team than they are, but it might be hard to prove in that atmosphere. We beat Ole Miss in the Dome when I was a sophomore [McVea scored on pass runs of 80 and 84 yards] and I understand they said they wouldn't play us here again as long as we had Negro boys."

"But I'll tell you something," McVea added, and a seriousness came to his usually animated face. "The finest thing that has ever happened to me was getting letters of apology from some Ole Miss coeds after our game in Memphis last year.

"Listen, I was like most Negro boys when I got out of high school. I didn't worry about any racial stuff. But people kept asking me about it, and so I started to think about it. Now I got to go down there and play those Mississippi teams."

That's the way it is these days. Warren and O. J. and Leroy are taking the big O everywhere. **END**

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SHOOTING OUT THE LIGHTS WITH WIMPY

There is no sweeter sound than an ivory ball going into a pocket, says the world pool champion, and he suggasts ways you can hear it regularly

BY LUTHER LASSITER WITH BOB OTTUM

Well, sir, it has been almost two years now since I was in a strange pool hall. Most all of the time I go down to old St. Elmo's on Brook Avenue in Norfolk where everybody knows me—and nobody will play me. It's all right; I always have to practice alone. But this one time two years ago I ambled into a tiny, old, beat-up place in some West Virginia town and I was shooting a few. Nothing fancy. Suddenly it got real quiet in there, and I kind of glanced around and caught them all looking at me. Finally someone sidled over and said, "Hey, boy. You kin really *play* this here game."

And I sort of shrugged and said, "Well, hell, I'm only just practicing." And I waited for them to maybe get their money out. But they all just stood around there with their hands in their pockets a lot, and that is what I am here to tell you. It has got so you can't sneak up on anybody anymore.

Now, I have been a pool shooter all my life, man and boy. A shooter. Do not ever confuse that with hustler. I have got nothing against hustling, if that happens to be your game, but even the hustlers will tell you that I am not one. I am strictly a money player, which is something else

again, and I will play you for money, marbles or chalk. I mean, I come from out of Norfolk, which used to be the pool-shooting hub of the whole world, I swear, and they had more gambling there than's ever been. But they also produced a generation of gentleman pool sharks. Weren't for pool maybe I could have been a millionaire. But you do what you can in this old world, and that is the way life is.

Long time ago I used to stand there and peek over the lattice work into that cool-looking darkness of the old City Billiards in Elizabeth City, N.C. And I heard the sound of those old ivory balls going "pock!" Man, there is no other sound in the world nice as a ball dropping into a pocket. And it seemed as though the place had a special sort of *smell* to it that you could breathe. Like old green-felt tables and brass spittoons and those dark, polished woods. Then a bluish haze of smoke and sweet pool chalk and, strongest of all, a kind of *man*liness. All through me I could feel something else, I didn't know what, but it seemed like a fine, lazy tension in the air. I was 13. And that did it.

Maybe pool shooters are born. Mama always wanted me to study and become a doctor. Daddy was a mill foreman making $62 a week, and mostly he wanted me to do the chores and grow up to be a *some*thing. Neither one of them ever wanted me to shoot pool. Uh, uh. But by the time I was 15 years old I was shooting maybe seven, eight hours a day, and people had already started to back away from me. I had a little bit of money in my pocket, and the game had me up tight.

Oh, sure, I played some baseball. In fact, it was at some little old ball game that I once ate 12 hot dogs and drank 13 Cokes and Orange Crushes, and everybody fell to calling me Wimpy. But still I began playing pool in my old plaid knickers that buckled right below my knees, and I had a slingshot hanging out of my back pocket.

And you know what happened? Wasn't long before I was hanging around down at City Billiards and looking in the back door at that beautiful blackness. It finally got so I looked like a piece of the furniture down there, and nobody even noticed I was under age.

I'll tell you, those were the days. By the time I was 18 or 19 the word got out, somehow. And those well-dressed strangers with their slick hair and clean fingernails began to drift into town from all around and try and get *me*. All the good old boys at City Billiards thought that was pretty funny. I could always get up plenty of local money to back me, and we would shoot those strangers loopy-legged and leave them just enough to catch the bus out of town and split the winnings.

Stakes got pretty high, naturally. But I sure wasn't losing much, because if I lost it came out of my share of the pot. Still, I was all of 21 years old before I ever had a whole $100 all to myself. The thing is, I had played for $100 many times and it had made a man out of me. A pool hall, remember, is a meeting place where men gather to talk and shoot a few games, and it is the closest thing to a gentlemen's club you are ever going to find in this country, I'll tell you.

More money that was at stake in a game, more it made me fight. It still does today. And by the time I got to Norfolk, around 1945 or so, I was really shooting high and handsome. Gambling for big pots. I mean, you talk about discipline. Well, maybe milking a whole herd of cows every morning or keeping the woodbin full is good for your soul, but I swear, ain't no tougher builder of men than $50 Freeze Out. That is where each guy puts $50 in the pot and you all take off your coats and settle down to shooting some serious, uninterrupted pool, and first guy to get 10 games ahead takes it all. Ten games builds a lot of tension, I'll tell you. I can remember one time when it took me 18 straight hours to get 10 games ahead, and I was so disciplined you couldn't stand it.

Guess I'll always be a natural-born clutch player and not a tournament or exhibition man. Why, I had never wanted to enter any tournaments in the first place, because I just knew that it would get so that everybody would recognize me, and I wanted to be able to sneak up on them. Or have them try and sneak up on me, which is almost as good. But I finally got talked into it, all right, and maybe you know what happened; I won a whole lot of matches around the country, Johnson City and all, and I lost a few too and I won the world championships in New York City in 1963, 1964 and 1966 and 1967.

But I keep in mind my oldtime rule that tournaments aren't the real test of pool. The real test is not what the prize money is—it most always isn't very much—but how much money from your own pocket is on the game. It separates the men from the hustlers.

And now, looking back on it all, I'm not so sure I would make a real good millionaire. I mean, I have got a little old house in my home town and an old Cadillac I drive around in and a suitcase and a sturdy, shiny tuxedo and a pool cue with a $2.50 gold piece in the handle. I lack about two feet of having enough room to keep a pool table in my house—but old St. Elmo's is just 44 miles down the road, and everybody there knows me. Nobody hustles me and I don't hustle nobody in return.

For years now colleges have been trying to get me to play exhibitions, and people have been asking me to teach them how to play the game. And for years now I have been insisting that you can't just haul off and teach anybody to shoot pool. You have got to feel it inside your bones and play it a lot. But there is one thing I can do, and I'm going to do it.

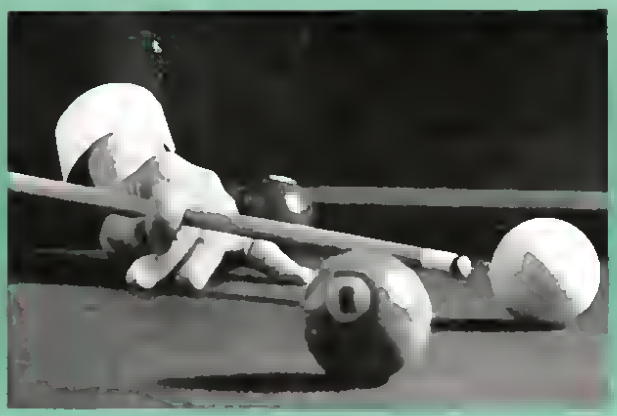
I am going to assume right now that maybe you already play the game a little bit (I can't start with beginners; a beginner's got to be about 13 years old in a pair of raggedy old knickers). Then I will tell you what to do and maybe the best way to do it to improve your game, what to look for and the one, big key to the whole thing.

Now, I don't promise to turn you into an overnight shark. And especially not a hustler. Because, sure enough, you are going to hustle someone, and they are going to stumble up to that table all splayfooted like a blind cripple, and then they are going to shoot your eyes out and maybe leave you with just enough bus fare to get out of town.

But do like I say and maybe someday soon someone is going to say to you, "You kin really play this here game." And you will wait for them to maybe get some money up. And if they do. . . .

Oh, Lordy, you're on your own.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



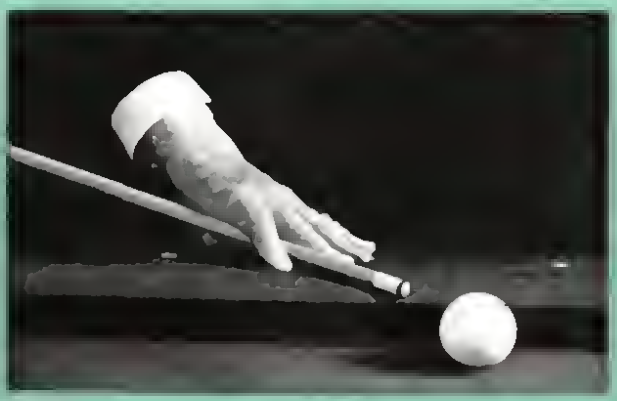
OLD BASIC



HIGH BRIDGE

FINGERTIP





RAIL BRIDGE

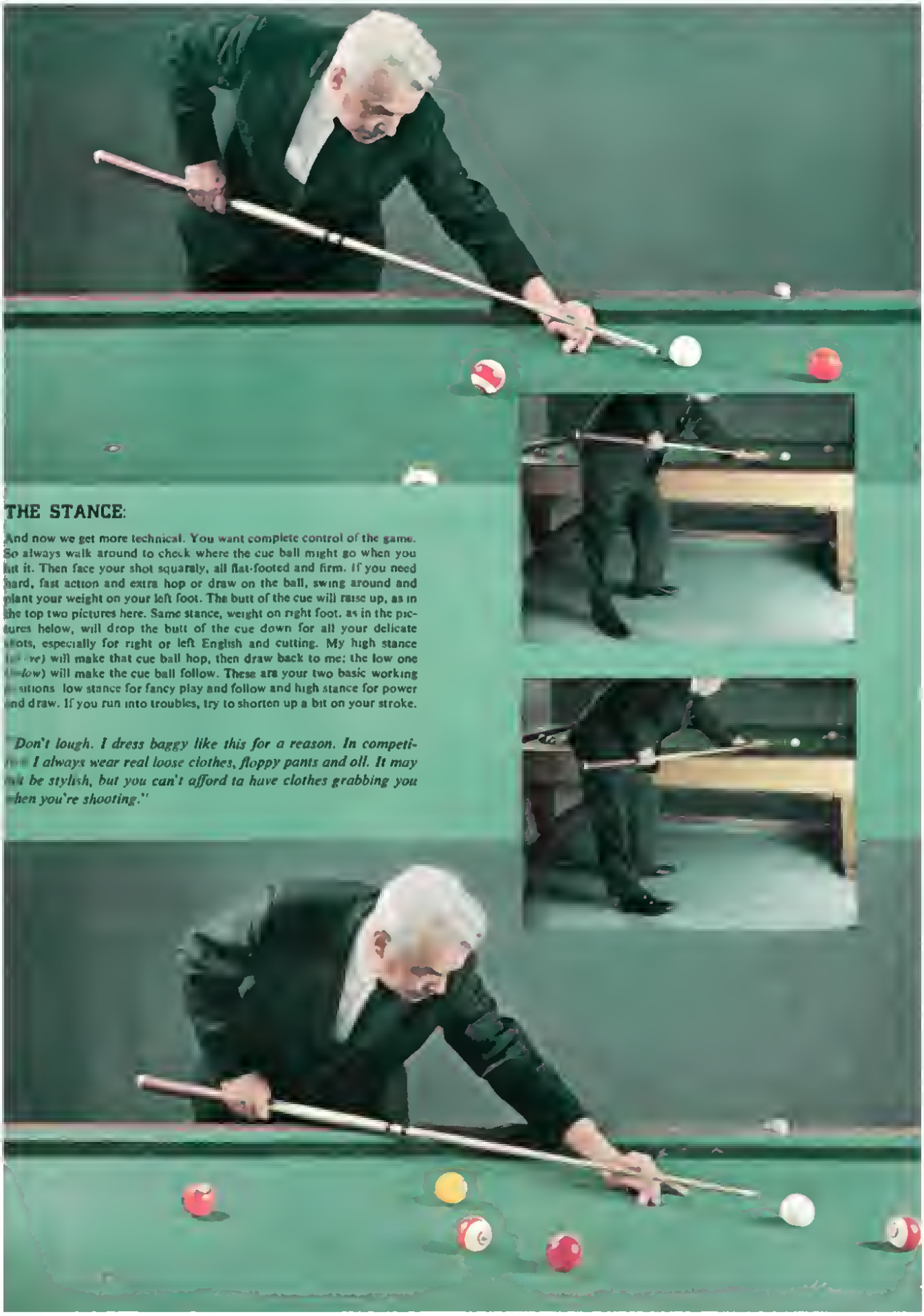
THE MASSÉ



BRIDGES:

Now for some serious shooting But remember this here thing is a cue, not a club—so hold on it *gently* and make a bridge you can work with My Old Basic is best, the bridge for most everything—breaks, English, cutting and all. I put my little finger out like a brace and plant my hand squarely A High Bridge is the one you'll use next most often. It's for close quarters. Just curl up your thumb and make a saddle for the cue, let your index finger become the bracer Everybody can do the Rail Bridge, but the Fingertip, to keep from fouling, and the Massé, to curl tha ball, are tough. The secret is to stand steady and *never lean* on your hand If you miss, you should always blame the chalk

"By the way, it sure can't hurt nothing to wear a fine ring on your little finger. Mine is tooled gold with three rubies. Folks get to watching that shiny old ring, and they can't learn your secrets."



THE STANCE:

And now we get more technical. You want complete control of the game. So always walk around to check where the cue ball might go when you hit it. Then face your shot squarely, all flat-footed and firm. If you need hard, fast action and extra hop or draw on the ball, swing around and plant your weight on your left foot. The butt of the cue will raise up, as in the top two pictures here. Same stance, weight on right foot, as in the pictures below, will drop the butt of the cue down for all your delicate shots, especially for right or left English and cutting. My high stance (*above*) will make that cue ball hop, then draw back to me; the low one (*below*) will make the cue ball follow. These are your two basic working positions: low stance for fancy play and follow and high stance for power and draw. If you run into troubles, try to shorten up a bit on your stroke.

"Don't laugh. I dress baggy like this for a reason. In competition I always wear real loose clothes, floppy pants and all. It may not be stylish, but you can't afford to have clothes grabbing you when you're shooting."



SHOOT FOR POSITION

The secret of pool is positioning, and the best way for me to show it is to shoot it. This here is pretty fancy stuff we did it with flickering light. When the ball is sharp and spaced out, it is rolling fast. It gradually comes together in a blur as it slows down. When it twists you can see the English on it. Now then, let's say we face the problem above. To get at the 9-ball, sitting on the rail near me, I must first sink that 1-ball down at the far end. I take the low stance I showed you earlier, apply slight low-right English and stroke it smooth—no jumping. The cue ball takes off, sinks the 1-ball and, still barreling pretty fast, heads for the right cushion. Now note that the English does not grab it until it comes off the second cushion. There it takes on overspin to hold it on course. The third cushion takes the English back off, and after the fourth cushion it lazily rolls up to where I can get at the 9-ball. Now we'll try a draw-follow. The 1-ball shot (*below*) is easy. Trouble is, we got to get that cue ball back. This time I take a high stance, apply right English, and blast the 1-ball right in. I hit this one hard. It takes three cushions before the English gets on the cue ball, and after five cushions it comes up tamely right where we want it.





Now here's a jump-follow that fine curving shot above. That cue ball jumps for a reason we must sink the 1-ball, then do a little Huckle-Buck and get tha cua ball to move over into all those easy cripples. I take a low stance and hit the cue ball just above right center, with a whole lot of follow-through I got to hit that object ball so square that the cue ball, with all its top spin, actually hops a little and spins enough to come off four cushions just so. What I call tha bank shot, southern style (*below*) is a trademark of mine. Man, I love it. There's no problem here. I should be able to sink that 1-ball by cutting it. But angling is always risky· Why use part of a pocket when you've got a whole pocket to aim at? I step up low stance, aim low center. The 1-ball banks in Then the slight draw affect pulls the cue ball right over to the 9.

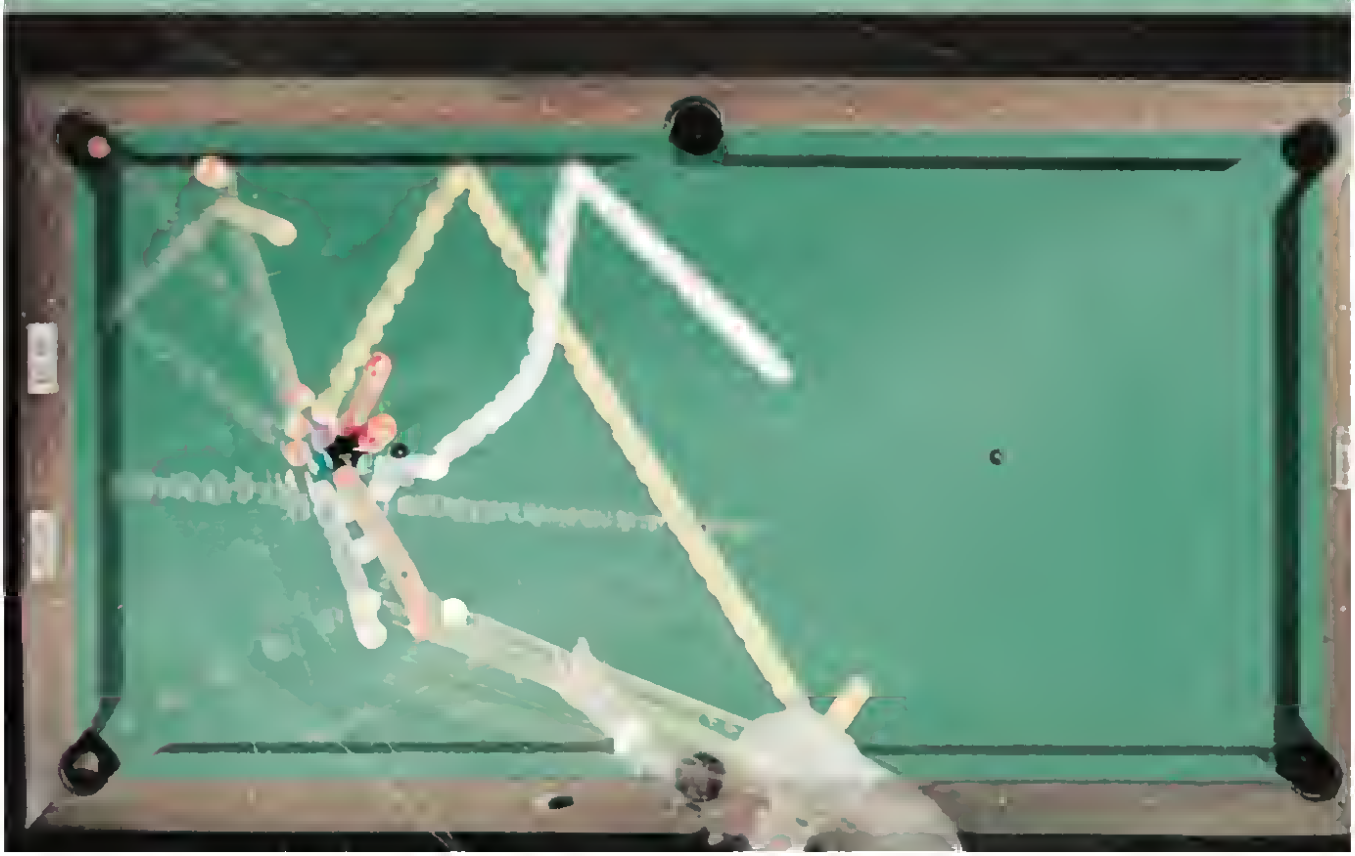
"Playing position is tough. But keep at it and remember Lassiter's First Law: when you are shooting, nobody else can shoot. Get too funcy and you are just liable to end up sitting there while somebody runs the tuble on you. And nothing's badder than that, no sir."





PLAY THE BREAKS

So far we've been using examples from Rotation or Nine-Ball to practice positioning on. Now we'll play Straight Pool or 14-1, where you sink 14 balls in a row, calling each one—then sink the 15th ball and break up the new rack at the same time. You'll often find that last ball in some crazy spots. In these four pictures you see me make two hard and two soft breaks. Above, I take a low stance for delicacy, sink the key 5-ball and let the cue ball bust them up just a little. I hit it low for backspin, use right English for action and it pulls back in good position. At top right, I use power, cut that 9-ball finely and draw from the rail. The cue ball then hits the rack and takes off for the far end. Note that I'll have a clear lie on the 14-ball and 6-ball next. I've hit another hard one below at the left,





sinking the 11-ball as a bonus, with enough low-right English to snake the cue ball back out. The last shot is a gentle thing, sinking the 9-ball and setting up the 15 with a draw. In all four of these situations, see how I try to keep the cue ball away from the rack and free

"I don't know, maybe if I had shot billiards when I was a kid it might have sharpened my eye and helped my pool. But billiards always was a sissy game, anyway, in my book, and plain old Rotation is terrible dead. No sir, when you get right down to it, there's nothing like Nine-Ball and Straight Pool to make a player out of you. You got to use all that's on the table and sing, dance and ad-lib a little, too."

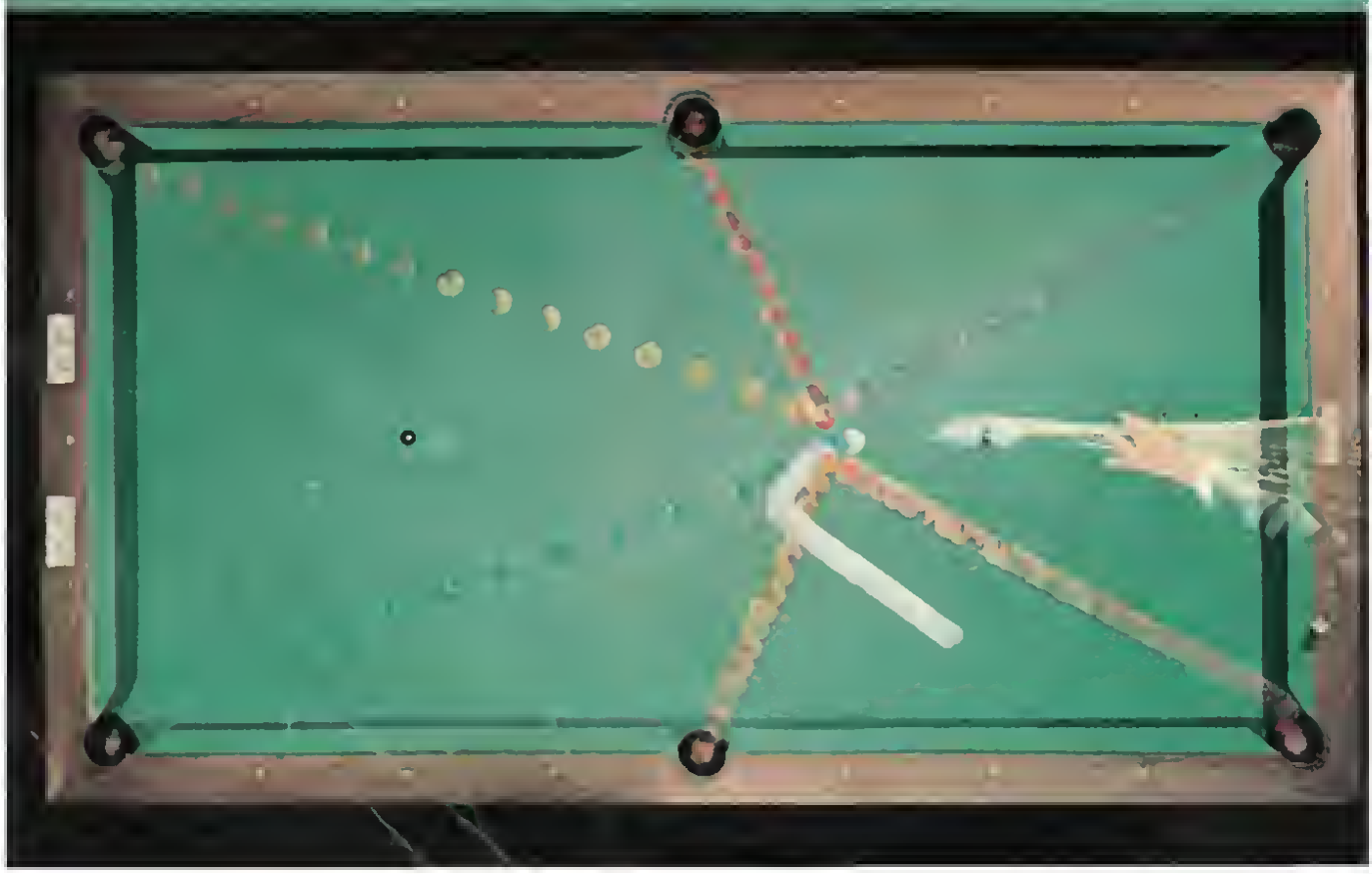




YOU CAN DO THIS ONE

Everybody needs a couple of trick shots in his bag—to shake up the rubes—and with just a little practice you can pull off this snazzy number yourself. Set up any six balls just as I have above. Hit 'em with a low, firm shot—don't use any English, of course—and all six will pop in, each in a different pocket, as you can see below. The secret is that the six balls must be frozen (touching) exactly the way they are above. The cue ball must be driven up the middle with what I would call calm speed. Note by the images that they're all zinging right along.

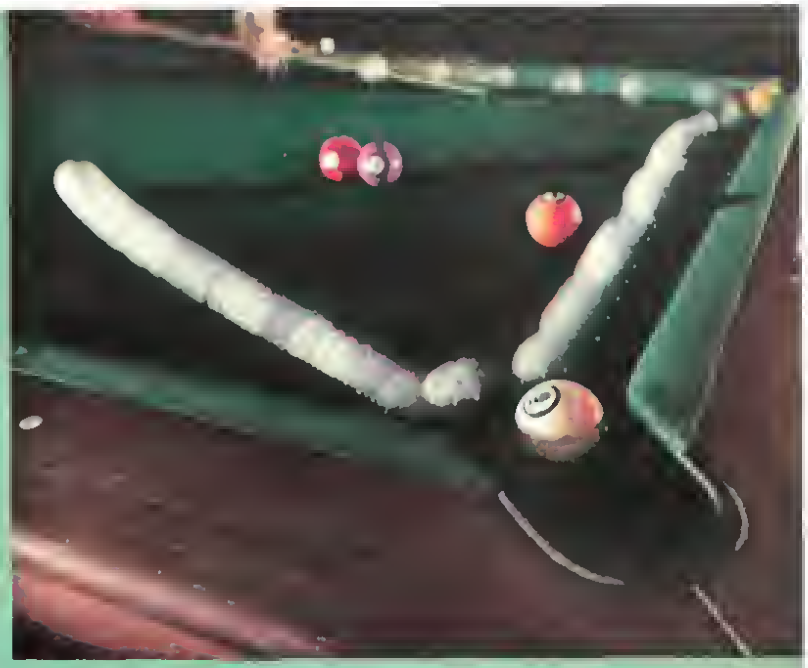
"Never, ever show off your trick shots in a pool hall. Sure enough, some beat-up, shaky, half-blind old man is gonna ask how you did it. Then you'll ask him to play—and he'll shoot you full of holes."



FINE FINISHES

In competition there is a lot to be said for striking your man dumb with a final fancy demoralizer. Here the 1-ball and 9-ball are both sitting temptingly near the corner pockets, so why not go for them both. Hit the cue ball above center, give it lots of top-English and plenty of follow, and it will curl around to both shots and, as a bonus, come off in a good spot.

"You have got to play to spook your opponent as much as you play the game itself. An occasional fancy touch will always cut 'em up."



That whoop-de-do shot above and the one at the right are half trick, half serious, but there's no harm using them every now and then. If you can't drill a ball directly into a pocket, feel free to carom it off a couple of others. In this case, sink the 1-ball off the 7-ball and 9-ball. You don't need English, just a slight, dainty draw, and watch that cue ball pull back.

"You learn to size up all these shots after you've been around a while. It just seems hard at first. But never forget—even when you're in cold-blooded stroke, you got to miss sometime. Can't run 'em forever."



People keep sidling up to me all around the country and saying, "Come on, Wimpy, what's the *real* secret of playing pool?" And I never tell them anymore. I used to—and nobody would believe that it was that simple. But I'll tell you one last time. Ready? Never, ever overcut the ball. It is as easy as that, but it is the key to winning pool. Everybody has this natural tendency to overcut. They put on a little too much English, a little too much top spin, too hard of a draw. They make the cue ball go all *curly* and they lose control of it. So don't overcut. Just play steady, and play conservative. And with that—ain't nothing more I can tell you. Well, except to leave you with this final thought: the one gladdest thing in this whole world is running the table, just moving around it all light and easy inside, shooting and listening to your own music. The saddest thing in this old world is just sitting there while someone runs the table on you. I know both moods. You play a while, you'll get to know them, too—and that's what pool is all about.

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Hiram Walker's

Ten High

A wild card in the West

Wyoming may not have held much recently, but now the high-riding Cowboys have a Kilck, a kicker, a hot-handed quarterback and no losses

One way to annoy Laramie, Wyo. is to suggest that it is a naive newcomer to the world of college football. It is true, residents admit, that Walter Camp did not sit by the telegraph hug waiting for University of Wyoming results before putting together something like his 1897 All-America team, but it is also true that the University was playing football back at the turn of the century, which was not all that long after Harvard and its associates discovered the pig bladder.

In fact, it was a Harvard man who gave the Wyoming team its nickname of Cowboys. It happened in 1890 or so the official record is somewhat inexact when a University of Wyoming team scheduled a game against the Army's cavalry post at Cheyenne. Feeling outgunned, the team talked one Fred Bush, a 220-pound Harvard graduate turned cowpuncher, into signing up for a few courses and reporting for action. When the new recruit trotted onto the field for the game he was wearing a bright checkered shirt and a big Stetson. "Lookit the cowboy," shouted the cavalrymen, in who knows what tone of voice, and since then the Wyoming team has been the Cowboys.

Continuing its policy of judicious recruitment, Wyoming has been slowly working itself up in the football estate, until last week it had an 11th-place national ranking and enough muscle to beat dedicated Brigham Young 26–10 and remain one of the season's few major undefeated teams.

The Cowboys came into their game at Laramie against Brigham Young with victories over Arizona, Air Force and Colorado State, but in the process they had suffered some of the biggest Wyoming losses since the 11th Ohio Cavalry destroyed a whole wagon train of booze at Whiskey Gap in 1862.

"We're left with only one man in the offensive line that started against Arizona," complained worried Coach Lloyd Eaton. Surviving, however, was much of the defense that allowed only 38.5 yards rushing a game last season, a 211-pound tailback, Jim Kiick, who personally destroyed Florida State in the Sun Bowl; college football's best kicker, Jerry DePoyster, who set five NCAA records in 1966 and had won the previous week's game with a 55-yard field goal, and, most important of all, Quarterback Paul Toscano, who was a safetyman last year, but now had become the national leader in total offense with 683 yards.

Nonetheless, Coach Eaton was concerned, and for a very good reason: the BYU offense, which is run by three alternating quarterbacks and was averaging 44 points a game.

Last Thursday Eaton was discovered hidden in a small, dark storage room, running BYU films over and over to tease his nerves.

"BYU has the athletes, I'll tell you," he said. "Like Notre Dame they've got that church program going for them. Those three quarterbacks supplement each other, and they're all much better than average. It's like playing a pro team. They can put six on the scoreboard every play."

Eaton was also willing to worry about the Cougar defense. "They'll definitely come in at Toscano, figuring he's still a relatively green quarterback, which is right." But offense was his preoccupation. "They'll throw the hell out of us," he said.

"Passing entertains the people," corroborated Coach Tommy Hudspeth, who was holed up with his BYU team 50 miles away in Cheyenne. "As long as the ball has air in it, we're gonna throw."

A bright young coach, Hudspeth was disarming about his quarterback rotation. "It's nice because we get a chance to play a lot of boys," he began. "That creates a happy spirit on the ball club." What he really meant was each of his quarterbacks has a different style, and he would use the one that Wyoming seemed to like the least.

"You never know for sure how your quarterbacks, or your team, will react to the way they attack you and the way their fans do," he continued. Wyoming does have avid fans. One coach says the reason Wyoming followers are so hostile is that they have to travel so far to Laramie. He claims the 300 or 400 miles makes them mad, and that makes some

continued



TOSCANO, WHO LED NATION IN OFFENSE AFTER THREE GAMES, PASSES AGAINST BYU

of them drink, which makes some of *those* mean.

By Saturday at 3 a.m. Wyoming students had already started lining up to get the best seats when the gates opened at noon, and by midmorning the out-of-towners were arriving. At one point 500 intimidators from Rock Springs got off a Union Pacific Special. They were greeted by the Wyoming pony, Cowboy Joe, and the Mayor of Laramie, the college president, eight cheerleaders and a cannon. The game was Wyoming's third straight sellout.

Both Wyoming and BYU dressed silently, slowly winding up tight. Some Pokes absently sipped coffee or leafed through programs, but most simply sat or lay still, studying the inside of their heads. On an almost imperceptible signal from Eaton, the Cowboys followed equally-stonefaced BYU onto the field.

Brigham Young won the toss, and DePoyster—as is his terrifying habit—kicked off into the stands behind the Cougar end zone. On BYU's first play from scrimmage, Tailback Perry Rodrigue was dropped for a loss of four on a sweep. On the second, starting Quarterback Mare Lyons was spilled. The intimidation had begun.

Brigham Young did not quail. Little Dick Adams, a walk-on who reported two weeks ago after returning from missionary work, punted 43 and 51 yards. The BYU defense was stopping Toscano. But then, alas for BYU, Cowboy End Tim Gottberg roped in a Lyons fumble on the BYU 15. Tailback Knick slanted to the first down. Knick twisted to the three. Knick bucked to the two. Knick swept left end, just cutting the end-zone corner, and Wyoming was ahead. However, DePoyster, who is best from 40 yards or more, missed the extra point.

Only successive 47-, 46- and 44-yard punts by Adams—the last nearly hitting Wyoming's goal-line flag—kept the Cougars in the game until they could mount a good drive that ended with a field goal by John Patera, a converted discus thrower who had never kicked a football before this year.

But Wyoming was just too quick and too hard-running for BYU to win with field goals. Driving his team 69 yards in five plays, Toscano pulled his ankle out of a tackler's hand and hit Flanker Hub Lindsey in the end zone for the Cowboys' second touchdown and a half-time lead of 12–3.



DEPOYSTER SHOWS KICKING FORM THAT PRODUCED RECORD-BREAKING 81-YARD PUNT

Adams matched DePoyster by kicking off into the stands to start the second half and coming up with some more 52- and 53-yard punts, but Wyoming scored—on a 10-yard Toscano pass to Vic Washington—and BYU could not, at least not until late in the third period when its cause was desperate. Soon thereafter DePoyster ruined good BYU field position with an 81-yard punt (a Western Conference record), and Safety Jim Stankus recovered a BYU fumble on its own 25 to set up the final touchdown pass by Toscano and an easy Wyoming win.

Why had Wyoming humiliated promising Brigham Young, outgaining it 301 yards to 155? Because, said Eaton, Coach Fritz Shurmur's defensive line put on impossible pressure. Because, Defensive Backfield Coach Burt Gustafson agreed, "The linemen continually hurried the throw and took the running away, too. All we had to do was apply plain religious coverage to the receiver."

Poor Tommy Hudspeth. "I don't even like rodeos anymore," he said after the game. "I'm afraid of horses. I think it's because I keep seeing that Wyoming mascot, Cowboy Joe, running around the field after touchdowns."

—HAROLD PETERSON

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1 SYRACUSE (3-0) 2, NAVY (2-1) 3 ARMY (2-1)

The last time UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro visited Penn State there was some talk he had wired Quarterback Gary Beban's helmet with a radio receiver. So last Friday afternoon when the lights suddenly blacked out in Coach Joe Paterno's office, he remarked facetiously, "Oh-oh. Prothro's back in town." As it turned out, the UCLA coach did not have time for any electrical annoyances. He was too busy trying to keep his team from getting beaten. Penn State took a 7–0 lead on Halfback Bobby Campbell's three-yard sweep, and then the Lions began to hound UCLA's Beban with defenses designed specifically for the occasion. While the linebackers laid back, Ends Jim Litterelle and Frank Spaziano and Tackle Steve Smear took turns blitzing Beban 10 times for 45 yards in losses and held UCLA scoreless in the first half. But Zenon Andrusyshyn kicked a 37-yard field goal, and the Bruins turned a Penn State fumble and a blocked punt into a 17–7 lead. The Lions scored late, on Halfback Tom Cherry's two-yard plunge and a two-point play, but all that did was cut UCLA's lead to 17–15. "We were happy to get out with a win," said Prothro. "We learned something about football today."

So did Army. After five straight, the Cadets learned how to lose. Even with

Steve Lindell back at quarterback following a three-week bout with an ulcer, Army was dogged by interceptions and fumbles and scored only once against Duke. The Blue Devils won in the last quarter 10–7 on Quarterback Larry Davis' nine-yard pass to Ed Hicklin.

The Ivy Leaguers were doing better against outsiders. Dartmouth beat Holy Cross 24–8 while Harvard took Boston U 29–14, Cornell defeated Colgate 23–7, and Yale held off Connecticut 14–6. In formful league games, Princeton outscored Columbia 28–14, and Penn beat Brown 28–7.

Rutgers came from behind to down Lehigh 14–7 on 40- and 18-yard touchdown runs by Tailback Bruce Van Ness.

THE SOUTH 1 GEORGIA (3-0) 2 ALABAMA (2-0-1) 3 LSU (3-0)

There is something about an Alabama football team that gives Mississippi the jitters. Ole Miss has not beaten one since 1910, and almost every time the Rebels face Alabama they start playing pardon-me-suh with the ball. They fumbled six times last Saturday, and that was enough. Alert Safety Dicky Thompson recovered four of the fumbles for Alabama, and the Crimson Tide rolled to a 21–7 victory. Quarterback Kenny Stabler passed to Split End Dennis Homan for one touchdown and ran for a second but, more important, Alabama played defense like it has not all season—well.

Georgia Quarterback Kirby Moore was standing innocently back on his own 13-yard line trying to give the ball away to Fullback Ronnie Jenkins for a dive into the line against South Carolina when Jenkins went rushing right by him like a man catching a train. There was nothing for Moore to do but start running and he did, 87 yards for the score that moved the Bulldogs to a 21–0 win. "We're going to put that play in the book just as soon as we find out what it is," said bemused Coach Vince Dooley.

LSU, remembering Steve Spurrier's unkind remarks about its "cushion defense" when it lost to Florida last year, poured it on the Gators to win 37–6 as Quarterback Nelson Stokley ran 10 and 50 yards for touchdowns. Auburn had no mercy on Kentucky, either, drubbing the Wildcats 48–7 and prompting discouraged Kentucky Coach Charlie Bradshaw to call his team's performance "the most despicable exhibition I ever saw." Vanderbilt enjoyed unaccustomed prosperity, beating North Carolina 21–7.

Almost before Clemson's voluble Frank Howard knew it, Georgia Tech had his Tigers 10–0. Quarterback Kim King ran 30 yards for a touchdown and Tommy Carmichael kicked a 29-yard field goal, all in the first 16 minutes. Tech shut off Clemson's passing game by putting Halfback Bill Eastman on Phil Rogers, the Tigers' top receiver. Rogers did not catch a pass. "Tech defensed us to death," admitted Howard. "They covered our receivers like a skin on a sausage."

After two straight losses, Miami Coach Charlie Tate knew he had to do something drastic to get his windless Hurricanes to score. He junked his flanker pro-set formations and went to an I with David Olivo, a third-stringer, at quarterback. Against Tulane, Olivo threw an early touchdown pass to Split End Jim Cox, but the Green Wave led 14–7 at the half on Quarterback Bobby Duhon's two scoring runs. Then Olivo ran for a touchdown, passed to Cox for another and, at last, Miami had a victory 34–14.

Syracuse, the top eastern independent, turned 230-pound Larry Csonka loose on Maryland, and he ran, as they say, like a runaway bull. But Maryland had a bullpen ready for this uninspired offense, and, though Csonka carried 43 times for 181 yards, it was a pass from Wingback Tom Coughlin to End Ed Nowicki that won a close one for the Orange 7–3. West Virginia's offense, humbling almost as badly as Pitt's, was saved by soccer-style Kicker Ken Juskowich, who booted five field goals—from 32, 33, 25, 30 and 35 yards—for a 15–0 victory. Virginia Tech remained unbeaten, but just barely, getting past Villanova 3–0 on Jon Utin's 34-yard field goal in a game that ended on a boisterous note. When a last-second Villanova field goal try from the 31 hit the crossbar and bounced back to the five-yard line, Tech Safety Frank Loria, unaware that the game was officially over, grabbed the ball and started upfield. As he passed the Villanova bench, an assistant coach dashed onto the field and knocked Loria down with the most spectacular, if least meaningful, tackle of the day.

THE MIDWEST 1 PURDUE (3-0) 2 NOTRE DAME (2-1) 3 COLORADO (3-0)

Purdue, heady from upsetting Notre Dame, was sobered up quickly by Northwestern. The Wildcats, always well-prepared by Coach Alex Agase, held a 16–6 lead after three quarters on Dick Emmerich's three field goals and Chico Kurzawski's touchdown. But sophomore Quarterback Mike Phipps and multitalented Leroy Keyes once again showed the flash that defeated the Irish. Early in the game Phipps hit Keyes for 78 yards. Phipps now found Keyes open again, this time for a 65-yard scoring pass. Next Bob Baltzell plunged for a three-yard score to put Purdue ahead, and then Keyes ran seven yards for the third Purdue touchdown of the period and a 25-16 win. Notre Dame, meanwhile, still burning from its loss to Purdue, incinerated poor Iowa. Quarterback Terry Hanratty completed nine of 10 passes, and the Irish showed their first trace of running power, racing to a 56–6 victory.

After two defeats, Michigan State played like a Big Ten champion again, beating Wisconsin in its conference opener on the power of Dwight Lee and the speed of LaMarr Thomas. For the first time in 39 years, Indiana won its first three games of a season. Only 86 seconds were gone at Illinois when Hoosier Tackle Rick Spickard fell on a fumble in the Illini end zone to give Indiana a 7–0 lead. Sophomore Quarterback Harry Gonso then completed nine of 14 passes to lead the Hoosiers to a 20–7 win. "People just don't know what it means to take three straight," said Coach Johnny Pont, a testament to the joys that steady losers find in small blessings. Since Indiana plays what's left of Iowa next week, it may be four.

It seemed like the clock never stopped running in a fast game at Minneapolis, but there were reasons: 1) it was raining, 2) Minnesota's Murray Warmath hates to pass and 3) Warmath's only daughter, Carol, was to be married Saturday night and her father needed time to change clothes. Three sophomores saw that he got it. Quarterback Phil Hagen, Fullback Jim Carter and Halfback George Kemp picked up most of the Gophers' 303 yards in a 20–3 win over SMU.

Surprising Navy upset Michigan 26–21, but the talk of the 72,000 who saw it was the Wolverines' prize Halfback Ron Johnson. The brother of the St. Louis Cardinal Outfielder Alex Johnson, Ron put on Michigan's best show since Tom Harmon, running for 270 yards in 26 carries, including touchdown dashes of 62 and 72 yards, all while his parents were in St. Louis for the World Series. "I'd hate to think what he might have done if we hadn't stacked our defenses against him," said Navy Coach Bill Elias later. After Navy had turned an onside kick into a 10–7 lead in the first period the teams traded touchdowns until the last eight minutes of the game, when Terry Murray ran 25 yards for the winning score.

Kansas State, which under Vince Gibson suddenly has the gall to think it can beat anybody, scared everybody at Nebraska, except sophomore Quarterback Frank Patrick. With time running out and K-State leading 14–13, Patrick marched the Cornhuskers 76 yards in 17 plays to set up Bill Bomberger's winning 19-yard field goal with 1:11 to go. Colorado breezed by Iowa State 34–0. Missouri beat Arizona 17–3 and Tulsa, apparently loaded with power, walloped Idaho State 58–0, piling up 798 yards on offense.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 HOUSTON (3-1) 2. TEXAS TECH (2-1) 3. TEXAS (1-2)

Texas Tech, conqueror of Texas the week before, had the unfortunate task of playing Mississippi State, which was much rankled by the loss of its first two games. The Bulldogs, behind Quarterback Tommy Pharr, drove 72 yards for a touchdown in the first half and then concentrated on stopping the

continued

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Red Raider attackers. Don Shanks's punts helped keep Tech jammed deep in its own end of the field and, when the game was over, all the Raiders had for their offensive efforts was a field goal in a 7–3 loss. Pharr, who scored the game's only touchdown, was not surprised. "We looked for them to be down after beating Texas," he said.

"I figured we'd get it sometime this season," said Texas' Darrell Royal, "but I'm glad it was now. These folks made me a professor. Pretty soon they might be asking what I teach." "It" was Royal's 100th career victory, and it came against previously unbeaten Oklahoma State 19–0. Bill Bradley directed the Longhorn attack smoothly, and Chris Gilbert's running was his sharpest of the year. Gilbert scored one touchdown on a 12-yard run and finished with 125 yards for the evening—the ninth time in 14 varsity games that he has run for more than 100 yards. Arkansas' Frank Broyles was also celebrating his first victory of the season, a 26–0 conquest of TCU. Broyles had started eight sophomores—the most he ever had in the Razorbacks' two losses, so he started a ninth, John Eichler, against the Horned Frogs. Eichler responded with 112 yards rushing, including a 76-yard touchdown run on a quarterback sneak, and completed six of nine passes for 110 yards.

Baylor edged Washington State 10–7, while Texas A&M was losing its fourth game in a row to Florida State 19–18. The Aggies were clinging to an 18–12 lead late in the game when Tailback Larry Stegent fumbled on his 27 and the Seminoles recovered. On the next play Bill Moreman broke through left guard and fought his way into the end zone for the winning touchdown. It was another frustrating defeat for A&M, but it was in keeping with the entire season in the Southwest, where there is hardly a smile from Fayetteville to Austin.

THE WEST 1. USC (4-0) 2. UCLA (4-0) 3. WYOMING (4-0)

Stanford Coach John Ralston had two game plans ready for No. 1-ranked USC, one born out of wishful thinking and the other out of desperation. Trojan Quarterback Steve Sogge wrecked Ralston's ball-control game plan by throwing two touchdown passes to Split End Earl McCullouch for a 14–0 lead in the first half and, then, when Stanford went to its catch-up offense—the pass—things got even worse. Sogge kept on passing for USC and Halfback O. J. Simpson routed the demoralized Indians with his marvelous running, as he came up with 163 yards in 29 carries. O.J. also threw a nine-yard pass to Halfback Steve Dale for a touchdown, and USC coasted home 30–0. "We just got whipped every way you can get whipped," said Ralston sadly. But it was costly for the Trojans, who face Notre Dame next. Fullback Mike Hull tore the ligaments in his left knee and is out for the season.

More bad news for USC Coach John McKay arrived from up north, where Washington, after its usual slow start, was beginning to look like a Pacific Eight contender. The Huskies were expected to be in trouble when unbeaten Oregon State came to Seattle, and they were—for 57½ minutes. Then, with the score tied 6–6, the tough Washington defense pried the ball loose from OSU Fullback Bill Enyart on the State 35. Quarterback Tom Manke slipped up the middle for 18 yards. Halfback Carl Wojciechowski ran around end for the last 15 and Washington cut down Oregon State's nine-game winning streak with a 13–6 victory.

California, leading Air Force 14–6 on Quarterback Barry Bronk's eight-yard run and nine-yard touchdown pass, almost got bombed out of its victory when Falcon Quarterback Steve Turner began throwing to Wingback Carl Janssen and Halfback Mike Guth scored from the one-yard line to make it 14–12. A two-point pass attempt failed and Cal survived. Oregon was no match for Ohio State. The Buckeyes had thrown 26 passes against Arizona and lost, so Coach Woody Hayes went back to the style he likes. He sent his fullbacks, Jim Otis and Paul Huff, into the middle of the Oregon line 32 times for 122 yards. Huff scored twice, and Ohio State won 30–0. Oregon Coach Jerry Frei said he was not expecting a fullback attack. He should have known better.

Utah, with Quarterback Jack Gehrke passing for two touchdowns and running for another, outscored New Mexico 42–27. That was believable, but Arizona State's 33–32 victory over Texas at El Paso was not. Trailing 32–25 and trapped by a violent Miner rush with 2:06 to play, ASU Quarterback Rick Shaw frantically underhanded the ball to Fullback Max Anderson, who twisted his way 22 yards for a touchdown. ASU went for the win and got it on Shaw's two-point pass to Halfback J. D. Hill. New Mexico State was not quite so nervy. In similar circumstances after an equally exhausting effort, the Aggies settled for a 31–31 tie with North Texas State. Utah State did not have to worry about such decisions as it straightforwardly upset Memphis State 28–13. END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Flanker Rick Eber was the prime target as four Tulsa quarterbacks threw for 698 yards and eight touchdowns in a 58–0 rout of Idaho State. Eber caught 20 passes (an NCAA record) for 322 yards and three scores.

THE LINEMAN: Terry Brookshire, stumpy North Carolina State middle guard, led the charge that choked off Houston's offense in a 16–6 upset. He also blocked an extra-point kick and recovered a fumble to set up a field goal.



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There were several firsts in a recent French horse race, though one of them sort of canceled another out. **Queen Elizabeth**'s racing colors appeared for the first time in France when her horse Hopeful Venture ran in the Prix Henry Delamarre at Longchamp. Venture came in ahead of the field, and for a minute that looked like another first However, for the first time, an English jockey challenged his Queen's horse Brian Taylor, riding In Command, claimed that Hopeful Venture had crossed his path in the stretch. Venture had, films showed, and sternly conscientious French stewards had to disqualify him. So for the first time in France, Queen Elizabeth's horse finished second.

England's Circumnavigator Sir **Francis Chichester,** fit and spry again after his bout with ulcers, turned up for the Anglo-American Sporting Club boxing in London recently and was moved to reminisce about his own boxing career. Chichester is a former middleweight boxing champion, it seems, but the circumstances of his winning that title are, to say the least, special He was working in the coal mines on the west coast of New Zealand. "A remote and pretty tough sort of place in those days, 1919," as he says "Boxing was the passion of my life, and I entered the middleweight class of the amateur championships My trainer rubbed me all over with elephant embrocation, and I was not only the most warmed-up but the strongest-smelling boxer who ever went into the ring. Perhaps that had something to do with the fact that all the other five middleweight fighters scratched, and I was left as champion but feeling a proper Charley " Sailing around the world alone is quite a feat and so is taking a boxing championship from five opponents without meeting them in the ring. Sir Francis certainly has a remarkable record for solo achievement.

Smothers Brothers Tommy and Dickie have pretty much the same leisure interests—photography, fast cars, motorcycles, sailboats and, for a while there, ant farms, but below is a rare and valuable photograph of a single Smothers Brother doing something only he still does Tommy, a former college gymnastics parallel bars champion, has had equipment installed at home and is combating, of all things, underweight with regular workouts and a tasty diet of avocado sandwiches.



What we need in a functioning democracy is a real choice of candidates, right? Well, a thoroughly distinct alternative to Shirley Temple Black has declared himself in the race for that congressional seat in California He is a 4' 10¾" ex-jockey named **Willie Slocum**, who says, reasonably enough, "As a little guy who knows what it is to be a little guy in more ways than one, I will be the candidate of the little guy." Willie's racing career was not distinguished, except as it is distinguished to be beaten by the likes of Shoemaker, Arcaro and Longden, and it came to an end in 1954 after some bad spills His subsequent sign-painting career ended with another bad spill, this time from a ladder, and at the moment his political prospects do not promise to ascend satisfactorily either. As to campaign funds he says, "I'll be lucky if I can raise the starter fee $300. Some of my neighbors gave me money, but I'm not sure whether they want me in Congress or out of the neighborhood "

You can lead students in meditation, but you can't make them think, at least not around Boston on the opening day of the Series. That was the conclusion reached by the **Archbishop of Canterbury** (*above right*), scheduled to lead a full day of meditation for students of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass on Wednesday, Oct 4 At a banquet held in his honor on Tuesday night the Archbishop arose, clad in a brilliant red cassock, and announced, "Unfortunately, I have left my own red socks at home, but I have heard what is happening in Boston tomorrow afternoon It hardly seems



possible I could talk to the students about the wave of godliness with such a game going on, so I have decided to end the meditations at noon. Just another instance," said His Grace, above the cheers, "of the happy alliances coming about these days between the sacred and the secular." The Archbishop was presented with an official Red Sox cap, which he doffed repeatedly during a standing ovation Wednesday afternoon found him with Boston's **Richard Cardinal Cushing,** and it is not known whether they discussed the wave of godliness or the infield-fly rule

Marlon Brando fans have been sighing in the darkness of movie theaters across the country for the last few years, whispering sadly to each other, "He's getting fat " They can all cheer up Brando and **George Englund,** a producer of Brando's new film, have been seen at 7 in the morning clad in track suits and huffing and puffing around London's Hyde Park. Apparently Brando has succeeded in shaping up (or down) because before the filming of a weight-lifting scene he offered to bet $50 that he could lift a 200-pound barbell with either arm. He won.

It's a long, long, long way to Brighton

If the run from London to the Channel resort seems endless, that is because it almost is. The race this year was won by a cadaverous Englishman who completed his long ordeal with a grim smile and an argument

The loneliness of distance runners has been overdone of late. The winner is alone, but that is not because of anything antisocial in his nature. He prefers to run in a pack, and generally does so before he decides, say, at about 20 miles, that camaraderie is camaraderie, but it is time somebody stepped out and won this race—namely me.

That very thought struck John Tarrant the Sunday before last in the annual London-to-Brighton marathon, but it occurred to him a little bit earlier than is customary. It was at about 10½ miles out, to be as exact as things are likely to get in a marathon. Tarrant concluded the pace was dragging and that if the rest of the boys wanted the pleasure of his company they would have to get going. He hounded away from the tightly knit lead group of 11, and the race suddenly was a game of fox and hounds, with Tarrant the fox. He built up a lead of 600 yards over the next two miles and, except for a brief period midway when Roger Alcorn of New Zealand struggled to within 50 yards, Tarrant held it until close to the end, where he turned on the juice and won by three minutes, a margin of about half a mile.

Tarrant's time was five hours, 41 minutes and 50 seconds, which is dawdling by marathon standards, but then, like Tarrant himself, who is considered a professional and is therefore not eligible for the few international honors that accrue to distance men, this was no ordinary marathon. It was a double marathon, 52 miles, 876 yards—and that is exacting, if not exact. Tarrant strayed off the course toward the end, adding 200 painful yards to his ordeal. He ran each of his 52 miles in about 6:12, and, if the thought tires you, consider how fast he would have had to go in order to keep up with Jackie Mekler, who was 16 minutes faster when he won the race in 1960.

What kind of man can set himself in motion, jolt mile after mile over hilly pavement, hound happily down a Channel-side boulevard to the finish and then say, as though he had rehearsed the line for the last 30 miles, "All's well that ends well"? Angry, that is the word for John Tarrant. He is 35, an Army barracks caretaker from Lancashire, with a face that is a haunted collection of bones and hollows. He is called The Ghost, not because of his flat ears, sunken eyes and sucked-in cheeks, but because for six years of his road-running life he was forced to sneak into races, unwanted and unidentified. As a teen-ager, Tarrant was banned from amateur competition for accepting £17 in prize money after a semiprofessional boxing match. The British AAA lifted the ban in 1958, but the International AAF refuses to follow suit. For the last nine years Tarrant has been running superdistance races in England under his own name and winning them—Brighton was his sixth major victory this year. He seems determined, as one observer put it, to spook his way by this punishing method back into the good graces of international sport.

"It is absolutely diabolical," he said after the race in the deep, flowing voice of an orator who has obviously made his speech many times before, "that in an age when shamateurism is rife I should be denied the right to represent my country because of a few quid earned when I was a 17-year-old boy."

Whatever Tarrant's reasons for wanting to compete over so torturous a distance, there were 60 others who found the challenge irresistible enough to appear at 6 a.m. in a dark, narrow alley that poked its way into a sinister-looking collection of deserted warehouses and small office buildings behind Westminster Abbey in central London. Unheralded and unwatched by an unappreciative London press, they stood indignantly before formidable double doors, which at 6:30 still remained obdurately locked. After a prolonged and fearful din the doors were unbolted by a crabbed custodian, who was almost swept into a swimming pool by the runners rushing to check in, strip down, tape up, dress and maybe pray a bit before jogging the 600 yards to the start underneath the Big Ben tower.

At 7 o'clock Big Ben's thunderous notes seemed more than usually sepulchral as the 61 loped off in a southerly direction across Westminster Bridge through London's early chill. They had come not just from Great Britain but from all over the world for this race, first run in 1899, that superdistance runners consider the superdaddy of them all. In the pack, aside from Tarrant and Alcorn, were Robin Stamper, a tanned 29-year-old South African Airways pilot, now headquartered in Australia, who had island-hopped from Perth for 37 hours before reaching London 31 hours ahead of race time, and two Americans, Sid Smith and Al Meehan. Smith, wispy-haired and 49 years old, is a cost accountant for General Dynamics who lives in Woodbridge, N.J. He had come with his wife, Gwen, to take his shot at the event. The 26-year-old Meehan, an Air Force enlisted man, was flying home early the next morning to be discharged after 18 months in England. Another entrant was Manny Kuhn, also of South Africa, who was notable for the fact that he had won a 54-mile race between Durban and Pietermaritzburg with a killing 150-yard dash that brought him home in front by slightly less than one fat second.

Kuhn's experience may have helped gray his hair, but signs of premature aging are the occupational lot of those who race over such astonishing distances.

TIRELESS TARRANT finishes in Brighton. Lettering on jersey is Welsh for New Year's Eve.



Since superdistance men require a stamina that is almost unearthly, they train in an unearthly way, logging up to 160 miles a week with a 40- to 50-mile workout thrown in at regular intervals. "I've tried the shorter races," said runnerup Alcorn before his latest run, "but I'm better at this. That's why I do it. The hardest part is mental. You should always wait about six months between races to get yourself up for the next one. That gives you plenty of time to forget what the last race was like, all the pain and agony of the last 10 miles."

The pink, freckle-faced Meehan, who comes from Stamford, Conn., looked positively eager to get on with his agony. "It's a helluva way to spend your last day in service," he said. "But these superdistance races fascinate me. They're such a challenge." Meehan met his challenge and finished 30th.

Accountant Smith, who emigrated from Manchester, England, bore the expression of a man who has been through all this before. He has. He arrived in London at 11 p.m. the night before last year's race and sat up all night in drafty, cavernous Victoria Station. He dropped out exhausted after 20 miles. Now he was edgy. Only a few days before he had bruised a nerve in his right foot.

"Everyone starts these long races too fast," he said. "I think I can hold a 7:30-per-mile pace and finish in the top dozen." *He could have, but he did not.* Stopping frequently to massage the damaged foot, he was able to hold the scheduled pace for 25 miles, then had to fall out once again.

There were the inevitable misadventures that went beyond sheer fatigue. Alcorn's bid to win was thwarted by a right knee. Kuhn, running strongly after 36 miles, stumbled on the cement curbing, then tumbled heavily against a steel pipe and was out of the race with a badly bruised shoulder. Stamper, who had *injured his right hip six days earlier*, was forced at 40 miles to lie in the grass to ease the pain. He stopped twice more and finally tottered in ninth.

Tarrant's desire to win was so great that he would have run right through lame knees, bruised hips and even road signs to get to Brighton first. As his energetic voice rolled on, stating his frustrating case against the IAAF, the other runners looked at each other and smiled. Who needed arguments? Most of them were happy just to have finished. **END**

A lady curbed her temper and took the men

Speed Model usually gets her kicks by trying to fling drivers out of the sulky, but she may have discovered that it's also fun to win

The yearlings are sleek and handsome as they are led under the bright lights of the sales ring, and the men who are selling and buying them talk only of the ones that will become good racehorses. On the nearby farms, stallions graze and exercise in spacious paddocks. Against the bright background of a Kentucky fall, their regal appearance recalls their own superiority and defies you to think that they might sire anything but superior foals. Everything about the beautiful horse country of Lexington reminds you of the winners. Horses that fail, Thoroughbred or Standardbred, are not usually brought back here, and the people who breed and sell horses do not go out of their way to mention them to you. The hope on which horseracing is built is at its strongest in Lexington. Last week the harness-racing people took over the town to watch some good horses try for new records on the fast "Red Mile" track, to see the biggest winner of the week, the 3-year-old trotter that could take the Kentucky Futurity, and to start the cycle of hoping all over again by buying some 400 yearlings.

Because the clay track is unusually hard and because trainers are running out of time in which to try for season's records, fast times are always emphasized—often overemphasized—at Lexington. This year there was one record that was richly deserved. Nevele Pride, regarded by many horsemen as the best 2-year-old trotter of all time, won a mile race in 1:58 2/5, lowering the world 2-year-old mark of 1:58.3/5 that he had shared with Impish. Many other horses set records for this season, or merely lowered their own best times, and there were 13 two-minute miles in one day. Two of those came in time trials by Meadow Paige and Honest Story; both paced in 1:55.2/5, just missing a world record. This was fine, except that both are just nice colts who have proved to be well below the quality of the two best 3-year-olds, Romulus Hanover and Best Of All. Time trials are traditional in harness racing, but they are also artificial attempts at records—it is a little hard to get excited about horses that cannot prove themselves in competition. The real excitement of the week was in the racing, climaxed by the victory of George Alexander's Speed Model in the Futurity, third leg of the Triple Crown for 3-year-old trotters.

Frank Ervin has won richer races and trained better horses than this fast but temperamental filly, but it is doubtful that he ever enjoyed a triumph more than this one. The 63-year-old trainer has spent a frustrating year, checking in and out of hospitals with several ailments and wondering if he would ever be able to continue his remarkable career. He was on his back in a Boston hospital when his colt Speedy Streak won The Hambletonian with Del Cameron driving; by the time Frank was ready for action, Speedy Streak was not—his chronic bleeding heels had sidelined him again. So Ervin's hopes for winning one big one before the year ended lay with Speed Model, and she has not been a filly anyone would want to depend on.

"She seems to be behaving herself now," Frank said before the race. "But you can never tell about her. At Saratoga early this summer she set a track record. The next week at Goshen she turned around and slid and kicked and refused to trot at all. Then, just when she seemed sour, she came right back and lowered the track record up at Hamburg, N.Y. You just never know when she'll try to kick you out of the sulky." Ervin himself had not ventured into that sulky all year, leaving his 26-year-old assistant Art Hult to drive Speed Model. Hult is talented and hard-working, and nobody ever had a better teacher. "Sure we've discussed driving a lot since he's been with me," said Ervin. "I think I taught him something. Hope so, anyway."

With good behavior and a good drive, Speed Model figured to handle the modest group of horses that remained after the long campaign among the 3-year-olds. In fact, her main rival turned out to be a late-developing newcomer to the group, a large gelding named Rocket Speed. Pay Dirt, who may be fastest of all but was coming off a three-month layoff because of lameness, took the lead at the start of the first heat.

"I haven't been able to train him very hard," Earle Avery had said. "I'm afraid he'll be short." He was. As Pay Dirt stopped at the head of the stretch, Warren Cameron rushed Rocket Speed to the front. Hult moved Speed Model very quickly from far back, but had to change course when Halifax Hanover went off stride ahead of him. The filly recovered and was gaining fast at the wire, but her brief mishap had cost her the heat. Rocket Speed won by a neck.

Cameron had no illusions. "The filly was unlucky. She'll be much tougher to beat in the second heat. I only hope my colt will have more left in the third heat." Hult was understandably upset—he had made no mistakes, but he still lost a race with the best horse. "I just want a little good luck," he said. "This filly is due for it." She hardly needed it as she trotted to a decisive one-length victory over Rocket Speed in the next heat.

But by then even Ervin was betraying signs of apprehension. "Here we are in another knockdown affair," he moaned, "when it should be over with in two heats." He did not mention it, but he remembered well that the last time Speed Model had kicked her sulky and broken stride was at Indianapolis, when she was forced to race a third heat. As Hult drove the filly onto the track for the final heat, Frank took a place near the far end of the grandstand. "Whoa, girlie, whoa," he whispered as Speed Model came up to the gate. Then she was back in third position on the rail. "Perfect, Arthur," Ervin sighed. Things were still perfect.

approaching the three-quarters, when Cameron swept up outside Speed Model with Rocket Speed. "Oh, God," said Ervin. "Get going now, Arthur. Oh, God . . . oh, now it's all right." Hult had moved almost as if listening to his boss. The years of apprenticeship were paying off. He pulled outside Rocket Speed in the stretch, took the lead easily and finished a length in front of Halifax Hanover as Ervin broke into a cheer. "A perfect drive," said Frank.

"Great training," added Frederick Van Lennep, who bred the winner at his Castleton Farm in Lexington. "I wish every horse I sold could be handled by Frank Ervin. He just seems to win these things regularly."

But, of course, they all can't go to Ervin, and they all don't come from Castleton. The day before the Futurity, some of the best 3-year-old fillies and a lot of fans learned that winners do not need rich credentials. The stake for trotting fillies was won by Garma Alert, who lacked almost everything Speed Model had—except gameness and class. Speed Model is by the top sire Speedster out of the world champion Yankee Lass; Garma Alert is by little-known Hoot Frost out of a $600 mare. Garma was bred, owned and trained by Gary Grisenthwaite of Dundas, Ont., who, at 34, has been in racing for three years and is assisted only by his wife Irma. Garma won a grueling four-heat trot the previous Saturday and came back to win the two-heat stake Thursday and draw the loudest ovation of the week.

Grisenthwaite was thrilled but realistic. "It's great to win in your first try at the big time," he said. "But she went six heats in five days and won only $3,530. That's an awful lot to ask of her."

"That's what we do in these parts," said a groom named George Powell. "Lotta heats and no money. This ain't Canada."

"In Canada," said Grisenthwaite, "we have to use her to pull our sleigh to market." He and Irma laughed hard, fully enjoying the fact that for one day they had moved in right alongside the Van Lenneps and Ervins with a big win at Lexington. "And the money isn't all that important," he said. "We haven't got the richest horse, but I think we have the gamest." END



STARTING THE FINAL HEAT, DRIVER ART HULT HOLDS THE RAIL AS HALIFAX HANOVER (5) AND MISS MARKER FIGHT FOR THE LEAD

The Team Trials became a Philadelphia story

And that was good news for the U.S., as two experienced stars returned to competition and showed the kind of play that may give the all-conquering Italians something to worry about at the next World Championship

There was a time in 1963 and 1964 when the brightest prospects for any U.S. bridge team were two comparatively youthful Philadelphians, Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson. They played strongly in the World Championship in 1963, and it was generally agreed that if the rest of the six-man U.S. team had performed as well as Robinson and Jordan in 1964 the invincible Italians would not have been invincible at all.

But following this excellent showing, Jordan and Robinson more or less abandoned international competition, and the chances of the U.S. ever to beat the Italians dropped accordingly. Now, happily, the dropouts are back. Early this month at Atlantic City they returned, and, amid clouds of their own cigar smoke, put on a dazzling display of ability at the U.S. Team Trials. Competing against 15 of the best U.S. pairs, the Philadelphians finished first by 36½ points and won a position on the six-man team that will play for the U.S. in the World Bridge Olympiad in Deauville, France next June.

So impressive have the Jordan-Robinson performances been in the past that they arrived at the Team Trials as favorites to win. The only question was whether or not they might be too rusty to maintain a high level of play throughout a 10-day event. As these two hands show, they were not out of practice.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 5 2
♥ A J 10 9 3
♦ 10 8 5
♣ 10 7 5

WEST
♠ A J 7 3
♥ 5
♦ Q 7 4 3 2
♣ K Q 9

EAST
♠ 10
♥ 8 4 2
♦ K 9 6
♣ A J 6 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ K Q 9 8 6 4
♥ K Q 7 6
♦ A J
♣ 8

SOUTH (Jordan)	WEST	NORTH (Robinson)	EAST
1 ♦	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♥	PASS (all pass)

Opening lead: king of clubs

In the Jordan-Robinson partnership a one-no-trump response to a major-suit opening bid (*hand at lower left*) is forcing. Jordan's rebid of three spades showed his greater length in that suit, but North naturally preferred hearts. Two other declarers reached the four-heart contract, but Jordan was the only one to bring it home.

At the other tables the declarer ruffed a second round of clubs and played two rounds of trumps, ending in dummy for a spade lead. West took the spade king with the ace and led a third club. If declarer ruffed with his last trump, East could ruff his queen of spades, and declarer, with only the ace of diamonds as a reentry, could never bring in the spade suit. If, instead, declarer dumped the jack of diamonds on the third club, East could shift to a diamond. Now South could take out East's remaining trump, but only at the expense of his lone reentry and once again the spade suit could not be brought home.

But Jordan foresaw the possibility of bad breaks in the majors. After ruffing the second club, he led the king of spades at once. West could give his partner a spade ruff if he wished but could not prevent Jordan from establishing his spades in time to discard two diamonds from dummy. West recognized that the ruff was hopeless and returned a diamond instead. East's king forced the ace, but now Jordan did not need to establish the spade suit. Instead, he led a trump to dummy, ruffed dummy's last club, overtook his last trump to draw East's remaining hearts and then conceded a diamond trick, losing only a club, a diamond and a spade.

From the point of view of Julius Rosenblum, the nonplaying captain of the U.S. team, the most satisfying hand of the Trials was probably the one below, on which all three of the pairs that he eventually selected for the team turned in some sparkling play.

Although the Jordan-Robinson style is to open sound one bids, their preempts are like those of the rest of the field, and Robinson's three-spade opening against Alvin Roth and Bill Root—who finished second—was duplicated at the other tables.

Roth won the first trick with the ace of diamonds and shifted to a trump, won by dummy's king. Needing a quick entry to his hand in order to ruff a diamond in dummy, Robinson cashed dummy's two top hearts and ruffed a third heart. The diamond ruff was successfully accomplished, but now declarer was in trouble. If he attempted to get off dummy with a club lead, Roth was waiting with a spectacular play. He would rise with the king of clubs, cash

continued

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ K 4
♥ A K J 4
♦ J
♣ Q J 10 8 5 4

WEST
♠ J 10 7
♥ 10 6 2
♦ K 10 9 5 4
♣ A 2

EAST
♠ 2
♥ Q 9 7 6
♦ A Q 3 2
♣ K 7 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A Q 9 8 6 5 3
♥ 8 3
♦ 8 7 6
♣ 9

EAST (Roth)	SOUTH (Robinson)	WEST (Root)	NORTH (Jordan)
PASS	3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 5 of diamonds

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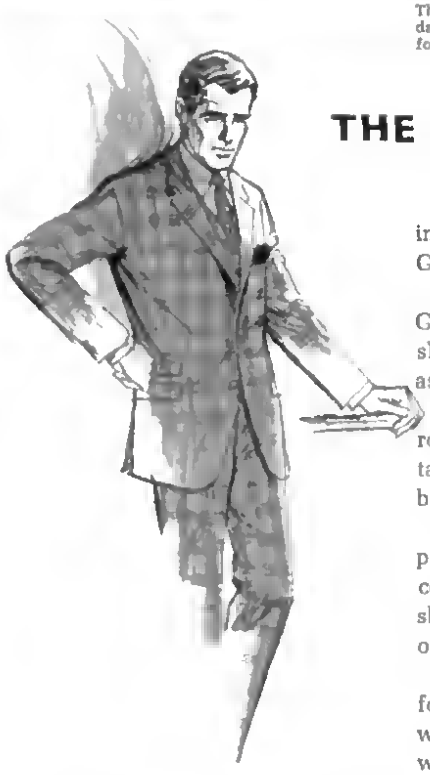
GANT

SHIRTMAKERS

The Jarman Fashion Coordinator



This is one of a series of Jarman columns designed to help readers correctly coordinate footwear with their suits and sportswear.



THE SCOTTISH GLENS

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the queen of diamonds and lead his last heart. Then, if South ruffed low, West could overruff; if South ruffed high, West's spade jack would be established as the setting trick.

Robinson deftly avoided this situation by leading the fourth heart himself and discarding his 9 of clubs. Root now gave his side a chance by throwing away the ace of clubs, hoping to coax Robinson into thinking it was a singleton so that he would ruff a club return high. But when Roth returned a club, Robinson ruffed low, and the contract was safe.

When Norman Kay held the West hand, with Edgar Kaplan sitting East, the same situation arose—but declarer made a grave error. After ruffing a diamond loser in dummy at the sixth trick, South also led the fourth round of hearts. But he chose to discard his last diamond instead of the 9 of clubs. Kay made the same fine discard of the ace of clubs that Root had, but this time it was effective. When Kaplan's queen held the heart trick he cashed the king of clubs and led a second club, which promoted Kay's jack of spades to the setting trick.

The caliber of play at the Team Trials was good, and in the end Rosenblum had a difficult problem deciding upon which three pairs to select for the U.S. squad. Phil Feldesman and Ira Rubin had finished third. Kaplan and Kay were fourth. Both had played on teams captained by Rosenblum, with Kaplan and Kay named as the best-performing pair for the North American team in the 1967 World Championship in Miami. But Feldesman and Rubin had played very well in the Trials. An unheard-of poll of the players, taken near the end of the Trials, helped Rosenblum decide. If you and your partner make the team, he asked each of the 10 pairs in the finals, which two pairs would you like to see as your teammates? Jordan-Robinson were a unanimous choice. Roth and Root received a majority of votes. Kaplan and Kay were named by several. Rubin and Feldesman received four votes as alternates—but none as members of the team.

Rosenblum picked them just that way. Rubin pointed out that the World Championship is not a popularity contest. But the Italians have pointed out even more sharply that team harmony is the most important asset of all. Rosenblum acted accordingly. **END**

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In search of Cantharellus cibarius & company

Hot, dry summers have fallen into disrepute, and no one hates them more than wild-mushroom hunters. Now, after the rainiest summer in 25 years, eastern mycologists as well as those in the West are back on the trail

A triumphant shout of "Chanterelles!" and two dozen members of the New York Mycological Society stopped their cars abruptly and scattered into the woods of Peru, Vt., heads down in determined search. The little yellow mushrooms (*Cantharellus cibarius*) growing among the chestnut trees were almost hidden by last year's leaves, but the sharp eyes of the experienced chanterelle fanciers could pick them out at 50 yards.

It is surprising that mushroom hunting has been neglected by lovers of sport, for a field trip requires the kind of quick eye and infallible judgment demanded of, say, pigsticking. In California this month the Mycological Society of San Francisco stalks the elusive chanterelle around the live oaks growing on King's Mountain near Santa Cruz. The stands of pine in Michigan and Wisconsin are combed for boletes by the local mushroom societies. Scouts of the Spokane Mushroom Club begin exploring the back trails and logging roads of the Idaho panhandle in search of matsutake, a mushroom that closely resembles the species that is one of the glories of the chrysanthemum season in Japan. In the peculiar way of mushrooms, matsutake grows only on the West Coast of the U.S., not in the East.

All wild mushrooms grow best in damp, heavily wooded areas, and the Priest Lake region of northern Idaho is perhaps the happiest hunting ground of the U.S., attracting mycologists from as far away as New York and Hawaii. At a rally held there last fall more than 300 species were uncovered.

Mycology is the branch of botany that deals with fungi, and the mycological societies (or mushroom clubs) of the U.S. exist not only to study wild mushrooms but also to eat them. Chanterelles are good enough to cause traffic to stop, as happened in Vermont. A Japanese gentleman filling an empty rice sack with matsutake in the Pacific Northwest wouldn't give a fig for a chanterelle, but the Japanese can be spotted in line at the post office sending boxes of matsutake airmail-special to friends and relatives all over the country. Of the boletes, *Boletus edulis* is considered the finest species, rating at least half a dozen recipes in the classic French cookbooks. (Some wild-mushroom recipes are on page 83.)

The best mushroom-hunting locations are found in the Pacific Northwest, Michigan, Wisconsin and Idaho, on the Eastern Seaboard and in Canada, particularly Quebec. A dozen societies flourish in these areas. The New York Mycological Society, which picked and ate the basket of mushrooms on the opposite page, is a comparative newcomer, since at least one society was founded before 1900. The New York club was started in 1961 by John Cage, the composer, and four friends. Cage had taught a course in mycology at the New School for Social Research in New York City and once picked wild mushrooms for Manhattan's celebrated Four Seasons restaurant. The society has grown from its original five stalwarts to a membership of 63, in spite of a drought that seriously depleted the reservoirs and chased away the chanterelles for four long years. Oddly enough, membership increased as wild mushrooms decreased, and the society's forays became less and less enjoyable as tempers flared and heads bumped over the remaining edible mushroom material.

continued



A DAY'S BAG of edible mushrooms (*left*) includes from top, clockwise *Boletus edulis*, puffballs *Hypomyces*, oyster mushrooms, *Hydnum coralloides*, black trumpet and chanterelle. In center are three edible boletes. All boletes should be identified by an expert, as a few are poisonous. A mycologist (*right*) studies *Cantharellus floccosus*, a chanterelle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT ERWITT



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A way out of this dismal impasse was found. Since mushroom pickings were so slim, the New Yorkers turned their attention elsewhere. They went into the countryside to pick wild ginger, fiddleheads and lamb's-quarters, and to the seashore for mussels, periwinkles and sea rocket.

At beach picnics, Joe Hyde, an amateur mycologist who is a professional chef of considerable talent, taught his fellow members how to scrape and beard the mussels, steam the lamb's-quarters (a wild green) and turn the sea rocket (a peppery plant that grows in the sand) into a salad with oil and vinegar. This year the drought is over and life is again rewarding for New York mycologists.

On the society's field trips every mushroom is identified, and dubious specimens are put in quarantine for study. To establish the identity of a mushroom, it is necessary to check, with a magnifying glass, its every characteristic: the shape and color of its cap, gills, tubes or teeth; the way the cap joins the stem; the texture and color of the stem and the shape of its base; the presence or absence of a ring; and the color and smell of the flesh and spores. Mushrooms can be identified by their spore prints in much the same way as people by their fingerprints. Distinctions between the dovish mushrooms and the hawks are sometimes subtle, and nobody knows better than a mycologist that there are no old bold mushroom hunters. Suggested reading for members includes a monthly publication, *The Mycophile* (formerly *The Toadstool Pickers News*), and Alexander H. Smith's *The Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide*. The latter has enough accounts of the effects of mushroom poisoning to induce caution in the rashest hunter.

The importance of identifying the species before cooking cannot be too heavily emphasized, and no wild mushroom should be allowed in the kitchen unless it is reasonably young, firm and freshly gathered and the cook is certain of its identity.

Wild mushrooms contain a very high proportion of water, some iron, some B vitamins and practically no calories. As a general rule, the method of cooking that most quickly reduces the moisture content is best. Whole mushrooms painted with oil and broiled, and sliced mushrooms seasoned and sautéed in hot oil or butter are invariably successful. A squeeze of lemon juice

should be added. This is the best way to prepare the Japanese mushroom, matsutake.

Fleshy specimens, such as chanterelles, boletes and morels (for morel recipes, see SI, March 22, 1965), are suitable for longer cooking. The boletes form a very large group of fleshy fungi easily recognizable by the presence underneath the cap of spongy tubes in place of gills. There are many varieties of boletes, and *Boletus edulis*, the *cèpe* of French cookery, has the finest flavor.

CEPES A LA BORDELAISE

½ pound boletes
4 tablespoons butter
1 clove garlic, crushed
4 shallots, chopped
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
Salt, pepper
Juice of ½ lemon

Wipe boletes with a damp cloth to remove sand or humus. Pry off the tubes with a knife and throw them away, except in the youngest mushrooms. Separate stems from caps and scrape stems. Slice caps a quarter inch thick, chop stems finely. Season caps with salt and pepper and sauté gently in two tablespoons hot butter for about 20 minutes until moisture evaporates. Add crushed garlic toward the end of cooking. While caps are cooking, mix stems with chopped shallots and parsley and sauté in two tablespoons hot butter in another pan for 15 minutes. Put caps on a hot platter, cover with the chopped-stem mixture and sprinkle with lemon juice.

CHICKEN WITH CHANTERELLES

1½-pound roasting chicken, whole
½ pound chanterelles
1 stick salt butter
4 tablespoons bourbon
1 cup light cream
Salt, pepper

Prepare chanterelles by cutting off the base of the stem. Wash rapidly in running water to remove any sand; dry and slice. Salt the chicken inside. Melt the butter in a heavy Dutch oven and sauté the chicken. While it is gently coloring, sprinkle a little of the bourbon over the chicken, turning it on all sides. When the chicken is golden brown remove it from the Dutch oven and sauté the chanterelles. After a few minutes remove them and pour the rest of the bourbon into the pan, scraping around sides and bottom with a wooden spoon or spatula. Warm cream and add to the juices in the pan. Stir, then put back the chanterelles, place the chicken on top, cover and cook slowly for 40 minutes longer, basting occasionally. Taste the sauce and season. Put the chicken on a hot platter and serve the chanterelle sauce separately in a warmed bowl. **END**

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Suzy's sleeper at Longchamp even fooled the French

Topyo came from the famous stable of Suzy Volterra, but they let him go off at 82 to 1 in the Arc de Triomphe. So he won the richest classic

As everyone knows, Frenchmen always have pretty positive opinions on virtually everything, but none of their convictions for the last few years have been more solid than those that concern the sport of horse racing. Their line of reasoning, which they will pour out to you either over a Pernod or as they make their way through the beautiful Bois de Boulogne toward the course at Longchamp any Sunday afternoon, goes roughly as follows: French horses are the best in the world, and the proof is that in 45 runnings of that mile-and-a-half classic, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, French horses have won 34 times.

A good deal of this may be true. But last Sunday, while a French horse named Topyo made the score 35 wins for the home team, the French succeeded in establishing still another point: as handicappers the majority of them are just as lousy as their international contemporaries at Newmarket, the Curragh, Baden-Baden or Aqueduct. Not one professional selector and precious few among the 50,000 or so smartly dressed patrons at Longchamp gave Topyo the faintest chance. This, despite the fact that he came from the famous stable of popular and successful Mme. Léon (Suzy) Volterra, is trained by well-known C. Bartholomew Jr. and was ridden by Australian Bill Pyers, who has been plying his trade with finesse around French tracks for half a dozen years or so. Topyo's record, to be fair, was somewhat less than brilliant. So much so that despite a win against not much opposition in the Prix de la Côte Normande in August, he went off in last week's 46th Arc at the astronomical price of 82 to 1.

Then, while nobody could really believe what was happening, Jockey Pyers and his little-known 3-year-old bay colt (a Volterra home-bred by Fine Top out of Delriosa) proceeded to beat 29 rivals in a finish that saw the first five horses drive uphill across the wire only one length apart. It mattered little that Topyo's winning time of 2 38 2 was well behind the course record of 2 30 94, set by Soltikoff in 1962. What did matter was that the French had once again turned back the English, the Italians, the Russians and the Americans in a classic that now must be considered the most difficult race in the world.

There had been a good deal of speculation through the late summer and early fall concerning just which runners would, or could, make it to the Arc's starting gate. "The cough" struck many training centers at inopportune moments, causing havoc with galloping schedules. Then, 10 days before the race, a favorite, England's Busted, was forced into retirement by an injured leg.

Nonetheless, last Sunday, 30 horses showed up on a cloudy but warm afternoon, and as they kicked and pranced through the traditional single-file parade past the glistening new, modern Longchamp stands, the attentive audience gave voice and applause to many of the favorites. The first to come out, No. 1, was the 6-year-old Russian champion Anilin, fifth in the Arc two years ago behind Sea Bird, but ahead of sixth-place Tom Rolfe, and last year second to Behistoun in the Washington D.C. International at Laurel. Nelcius, an old favorite in Paris, was applauded, as was Taneb, his conqueror in this summer's Grand Prix de St. Cloud.

When Charles Engelhard's Ribocco came out with Lester Piggott up, so did a roar with an English accent. The 3-year-old son of two-time Arc Winner Ribot won the Irish Derby and was second in the Epsom Derby, and the English had more or less adopted him as their own—and as their main hope to turn back the French defenders. A nice gesture. But for the English to claim Ribocco makes as much sense as if the French were to adopt Bull Hancock, whose Claiborne Farm happens to be situated in Paris, Ky. For Ribocco is about as international as horses can get. His sire, Ribot, is Italian, his dam, Libra, is English. He was bred and sold in Kentucky to Engelhard who, when he is not in residence in New Jersey, Maine or Quebec, spends much of his time in South Africa.

Most of the prerace applause, however, came when another French horse went galloping down to the line. It was Roi Dagobert, and aboard him was national hero Yves Saint-Martin. This colt, a son of Sicambre, overcame surgery for a respiratory ailment as a yearling and is acknowledged one of the best 3-year-olds in France. His owner, Countess de la Valdène, named him after one of the most popular kings in French folklore. "Legend has it," explained the Countess, "that Roi Dagobert was a sort of absent-minded-professor type, and there are countless limericks about his eccentric behavior. One of the most widely quoted has to do with his putting his pants on backward." There is nothing that Yves Saint-Martin does backward, and that is why the colt went off at 4 to 1 last Sunday, even though his trainer Etienne Pollet, admitted that a spell of coughing had left him one gallop short of top condition.

The field of 30 worked its way with amazing precision into the three starting gates spread out across the grass down by the Vieux Moulin to the left of the Longchamp stands. No sooner was the last horse, Sucaryl, shut in than away flew this dazzling blanket of color toward the long hill that takes the field momentarily out of view behind a patch of woods known as Le Petit Bois. Almost immediately the announcer began his call for the race, and for over 1¼ miles the name he was calling in first place sounded suspiciously like, "Heesrow." Hurried research divulged it was No. 29, Lionel Holliday's filly Heath Rose. And what an amazing race she ran! Breaking from the outside, she darted to the front and came very close to stealing the whole thing.

For most of the first part of the race, Anilin, Frontal, Sucaryl and Nelcius stayed closest to the leisurely fox-hunting pace set by Heath Rose. Roi Dagobert was in the middle of the pack, as was Ribocco, while Topyo dawdled

continued

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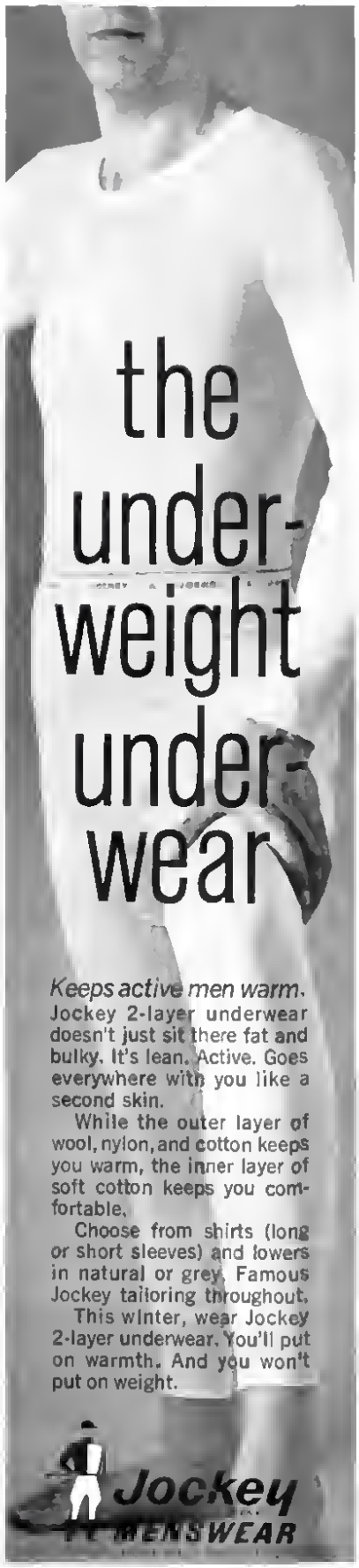
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along in the last third. When the field came down the tricky right-turning hill and into the final straight, Heath Rose still showed in front, but her closest rivals were beginning to fade.

Jockey Bill Pyers neatly drove Topyo through the mass of horseflesh all around him and took the lead with about a furlong to go. But before he had a chance to lengthen his lead and sew up the verdict, he was challenged by three horses. Saint-Martin had Roi Dagobert flying on the outside to the accompaniment of wild cries. "Allez Yves! Allez Yves!" Lester Piggott was driving Ribocco up on Topyo's right, while to the inside of him, so close to the rails that it seemed he had to be brushing them, came the 17-to-1 shot Salvo. This colt is a son of Right Royal, bred by Americans John Galbreath and Winston Guest and sold by them as a yearling at Saratoga in 1964 to dissolve a partnership. They let him get away for the skimpy price of $9,500 to run in the Arc for Owner Gerald Oldham.

These four runners, edging past game little Heath Rose, fought it out desperately for the last 100 yards. But at the wire, even though Salvo and Ribocco were gaining with every yard, they just missed on the yielding and demanding turf. Longshot Topyo triumphed by a neck over Salvo, who, in turn, was a head in front of Ribocco. It was only half a length back to Roi Dagobert, who edged Heath Rose by still another neck in one of the closest and most exciting Ares ever. The victory in this $320,000 classic was worth some $220,000 to Suzy Volterra, who promptly announced that she might send Topyo to Laurel for the Nov. 11th International against Damascus.

A home victory in the Arc does nothing, of course, to downgrade France's position as the most progressive racing country in the world. The generous government participation in the sport, whereby large amounts of off-track betting money go back into racing to increase purses as well as to improve facilities for the patrons, is only one side of it. In sharp contrast to other countries, France is not really at war with the rest of the racing world. In fact, the very opposite seems to be true. The English, for example, who once believed that there was little to be learned from the French, are now benefiting a great deal. "Mostly," says Jean Romanet, the Director General of all organized French racing, "both the French and English remain at home for their major classics, but the English are now coming over for a race like the Arc with the best they have."

The British have been no less active on the sales front. Of 294 horses sold in France for export in 1966, some 80 went to Great Britain. Japan outbid the U.S. 23 horses to 15, while most of the others went to Italy, Ireland and Brazil. "Racing often tends to go in cycles," said French Trainer Jack Cunnington, whose stable includes many American horses. "This year the English may have more good horses than we do, and they are making good use of the advantage."

Director General Romanet does not want to discover that foreigners are dissatisfied with conditions and rules that apply to horses coming to France for major engagements. He heard it last summer when Assagai was not allowed to gallop the entire course at St. Cloud and had to confine his gallops to going up and down the five-eighths-of-a-mile backstretch. And he heard it again last week when Ribocco was limited to the same conditions at Longchamp. "We are building special barns for foreign horses at Lamorlaye, near Chantilly, and they will have a chance to do more extensive training there than they ever could at our tracks," says Romanet.

Another direction French racing is taking is toward more dependence on American bloodlines. "French breeders are more keen than ever about mixing and trying new blood," says Romanet. "We need speed, both from the United States and from England, to go with the natural French staying bloodlines. It is a necessity for us to experiment, because as soon as there is a good horse in France a rich American breeder comes along and buys it."

Some years ago, of course, the American-bred Relic exerted his influence on French breeding, and his success was quickly followed by Native Dancer, who has been far from a world-beater in his own country. Dark Star, the only horse ever to defeat Native Dancer in the 1953 Kentucky Derby, arrives in France this month to take up permanent stud duties. "It seems," says one Parisian horseman, half jokingly, "that we have good luck with your bad stallions. This, you understand, is not a rule. It must be just a coincidence, but it is a happy coincidence for us." **END**





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THE SHARK OF ARABY

It was an ordinary Red Sea holiday—fishing with an Egyptian reel-wrecker, a Cairo city boy and an aggressive ex-Nazi. Then came barracuda, eaten to the accompaniment of an oompah band BY CLIVE GAMMON



Those phrase books you buy when you go abroad do not include the things that really matter. My Arabic one, for example, told me how to say, "I expect a lady/gentleman. Send her/him up to my room at once." And, "Can you give me something for my ears?" And even, "The wind is from the east, from the west, from the north, from the south." Things like that.

What I needed was the *Angler's Universal Dictionary and Phrase Book*, which unfortunately does not yet exist. This helps out with such essentials as: "Oh, Mustapha/Olav/Miguel, why have you wrenched the handle from my 4/0 reel?" And, "No, I do not wish to pay $5 extra for the shark bait." And, "Why are the naval police preparing to arrest me?"

All three would have saved a lot of trouble on my trip to Hurghada, on the Red Sea coast of Egypt. Especially the last one, when a small, round sailor, owner of one of the most malicious faces I have ever seen, danced up and down in a paroxysm of rage, right there on the hotel jetty, inviting me by unmistakable gesture to accompany him to his jeep,

continued

whereupon we could proceed to whatever was the equivalent in the United Arab Republic of the county keep.

I stood firm in the boat: I had my friends with me, of course. There was Ahmoud the skipper, explaining to me in Arabic just where I had transgressed. His son, Mustapha the reel-wrecker, was quietly engaged in snipping one of my wire leaders to see if the snippers worked. Mr. Sabreez, who alone could have interpreted, had shot below as soon as he saw the uniform and was refusing to come up. Only Rudi the Nazi had practical advice. "Why don't you throw this filthy Arab into the sea?" he said in a bored tone.

December on the Red Sea: the surf creaming on the coral reefs and along the white beaches that run endlessly south to the horn of Africa; puffball clouds drifting across to the dark mountains that stand to the west, crested like brontosaurs. In the sea itself, many game fish: barracuda, dolphin, kingfish, wahoo, sailfish, tuna, few of which had seen a baited hook. A magnificent sport-fishing opportunity, yes?

Well, yes, except that within 24 hours of arriving, some deep-rooted instinct for farce had caused me to surround myself with a set of assistants and friends that a social psychologist would call an unsynchronized group and anybody else a fourth-rate vaudeville act.

Skipper Jah Ahmoud was said, variously, to be a millionaire, the ex-boatman of the late King Farouk and to be 90 years old. On this part of the coast he was held in some awe for having fathered, 12 months previously, yet another son. Ahmoud looked after himself. Against the rigors of winter he wore an ancient British army greatcoat, dyed blue, over his long pink nightshirt. Down in Hurghada the daytime December temperature averages about 85°.

His son and No. 1 assistant, Mustapha, if born into a halfway privileged society, would have made a skilled engineer. He had the right kind of passionate curiosity about how things worked. On the Red Sea, however, he just wrecked reels.

There was Mr. Sabreez—gentle, fearful, with liquid, cocker-spaniel eyes—who had announced himself when I arrived at the hotel: "I am Mr. Sabreez, I am your right-hand man, I am government photographer, have you got any color film?" Mr. Sabreez was a Coptic Christian, exiled for some never specified reason from Cairo. He wanted to go back to Cairo very much. A city boy, if ever I saw one.

Rudi the Nazi, on the other hand, had found Munich a little dull after a spell as a Congo mercenary and an extended stay in the Republic of South Africa. He had driven down in his little VW through the Balkans, Turkey and Syria. So far he was notable for his bodybuilding exercises on the hotel terrace and for his unique ability to eat the fanged, monstrous, unidentifiable fish that had been served up for dinner the previous night.

Stout allies, all of them. But the imminent threat of my spending the next few days in the Hurghada hoosegow didn't seem to worry them as much as it should have. The fat sailor made a lunge at a rod of mine that was leaning across a gunwale. I snatched it back from his grasp. Ahmoud, impatiently twiddling his ancient toes in the sunlight, burst out with more explanatory Arabic. There was a scuffling from below, and Mr. Sabreez reappeared. He had cottoned onto the fact that the police were not after *him*. "This man wishes for 50 piasters," he said. Light dawned. Our naval friend had missed out when the *baksheesh* went round. Without the payoff I was an evil man trying to smuggle big-game reels, rods, Dacron lines, six bottles of Stella beer and a packet of sandwiches out of Egypt. Fifty piasters made me a gentleman, a sport fisherman, his friend. He wasn't greedy. It was just that his status had been threatened.

Our craft could now put to sea. We were late starting anyway, even before the intervention of the naval authorities. This was because of Ramadan, the Moslem month of fasting and religious observance. The fasting part only applies between sunrise and sunset: the rest of the time you can eat, smoke and drink as you please (the Prophet merely forbade wine, remember). If you are making up for lost time, therefore, you squeeze three meals into the dark hours, and it is customary also to pay a lot of social calls. This all leads to a lot of yawning in the daytime, and Cairo government offices give due recognition to weariness by opening only between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Down on the Red Sea followers of the faith make their own arrangements. Ahmoud was firm that we couldn't leave before 10 a.m. and that we would have to be back alongside the jetty again by 4 p.m. so that he and the boys would have time to sort the boat out and get cleaned up and ready to fall onto the roast pigeons, or shish kebab or whatever, crack on the stroke of 5 p.m., official sundown.

So I was limited to the hottest part of the day—the worst for fishing. And limited for range as well. Through Mr. Sabreez I asked Ahmoud where the best fishing was. "The Shadwan reefs," came the reply.

"How far?" I asked, thinking that it might be worth losing a little fishing time to get to the right spot.

"He says three days there and three days back," said Mr. Sabreez, looking as if he could burst into tears out of sympathy. Ahmoud smiled gently, with the ineffable patience of the East, the patience, moreover, of one who knows that his stewed lamb is guaranteed at 5 p.m., and that any attempt by this crazy foreigner to foul it up will be instantly stigmatized as the worst kind of neo-colonialist religious persecution.

So, with the ineffable patience of the West, I accepted the situation, getting out the small rod and the reel with the light trolling line. The local reefs around Hurghada possibly would have barracuda, and we might also get kingfish. We chugged away from the jetty, and I started on my first task, which was to persuade Ahmoud that it would be impossible to troll with a brightly colored canvas awning and supporting struts in position over the stern of the boat. I told Mr. Sabreez to pass on the message. There was

a rapid exchange in Arabic, then Mr. Sabreez explained to me, in the tone of one who humors a child, that the awning was there to protect us from the sun. I said that this was nice, but nevertheless it would have to come down.

The canvas part was easily unshipped, but then I could see the reason for Ahmoud's reluctance. The metal supports had long since rusted firm in their sockets. Eagerly Mustapha stepped forward and hit the midship support with the starting handle of the motor. It snapped off cleanly. This drastic solution did not appeal to Ahmoud, who repossessed the handle and, with a vicious lunge, sent Mustapha scuttling back forward. Since there was no fishing accommodation in the stern anyway, I looked forward to the interesting prospect of playing any sizable fish from midship and having to maneuver the line around the remaining supports, few fish being so obliging as to fight it out directly astern. Virgin fishing is a very exciting prospect, but in my experience it tends to go with virgin boats and virgin skippers, if you see what I mean.

But as we moved over the clear, shallow water, visibly alive with dozens of species of colored reef fish, my spirits rose. Ahmoud gave me an evil smile and a wink, dove into a locker and produced a box of small garfish—the bait. (I didn't know then that this was a hidden extra, particularly since the Red Sea, for miles around Hurghada, proved to be alive with shoals of a small tuna species which we could have harvested without difficulty.) Ahmoud tutted over the fineness of my wire leader, which, in any case, I thought was somewhat heavy, and came up with a short length of stuff that could have held a pair of killer whales. "Do not touch it," said Rudi the Nazi. "He will put 20 piasters on the bill, plus service charge."

So the garfish was rigged on *my* leader, and I let it slip away behind the boat. Ahmoud came over, checked the drag and tightened it up. I slacked it off a little. He tightened it. I slacked it. We glared at each other. Rudi, meanwhile, had found the harness and belt I was going to use if we hit any big fish. This was the first thing that had pleased him all day. He gloated over the webbing, the leather straps, the gleaming buckles. "I may put this on?" he said. Then I had to rig up the 6/0 reel and a rod for him. He preened, practiced a few glares, then a proud smile.

"I am wanting my picture taken now. In color, please. You may send it to this address." He whipped out a visiting card. I gave it to Mr. Sabreez, who had moved into action with his camera. "Later," said Rudi, "I might fish a little." He went up onto the cabin roof to do a few handstands and some push-ups.

It was when we approached the first of the islands you can see looking west from Hurghada that the first strike came, a dolphin around 20 pounds that spurted up, green and gold, behind the boat. I was going to enjoy this on light gear, I thought. Mustapha thought differently. With a wild cry he grabbed the line and started to try to haul the fish in, hand over hand. With a wild cry I grabbed Mustapha by the dangling end of his turban. But he had already let go. The line was thinner and hotter than anything in his previous experience, which I now

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suspected had been confined to the rich Egyptians who came down from Cairo occasionally for the odd fishing trip. What kind of line they used was becoming obvious. Obvious, too, was the way they landed their fish. No wonder Ahmoud had tightened the drag and offered me the alligator-type leader.

By a miracle, the dolphin was still on. Mr. Sabreez rushed up from below, choking on a chicken leg that he had just furtively abstracted from the lunch box. He made for a vantage point on the cabin roof, an area somewhat crowded by Rudi and his gymnastics, and at the boat side the dolphin obliged with a brilliant virtuoso display of leaping as Mr. Sabreez tried desperately to focus his ancient Rollei. (Weeks later I examined a fine closeup of the seat of Mustapha's pants as he leaned over the gunwale with the gaff.) But there were no problems about a posed picture, great white hunter style, on deck. When this was done, I laid the fish down. Rudi picked it up again. "Now me," he said. He had slipped the harness on again.

We trolled on, past sandy islets and long reefs. The sun was high and hot. Barracuda of a minor nature came at intervals. We ate lunch, sneakily, down in the cabin, not wanting Ahmoud and Mustapha to feel deprived because of Ramadan. That was a prime error, for it gave Mustapha the chance to delve into my fishing box, something he had wanted to do all day. I can reconstruct quite clearly what happened. The 4/0 reel came under his inspection, and he discovered that it possessed a curious feature. The handle would wind forward, but not back! He set to work putting this right. It was tough going, but he managed it. And then the handle came off. I emerged from below just as he was cautiously replacing the lot in the tackle box. I didn't say anything. Something about the Red Sea air and the ship's company was making me fatalistic.

The afternoon was wearing on when a feeble strike brought me a two-foot garfish that had somehow or another attached itself to the bait. This very modest success had a remarkable effect on Ahmoud, who began to show signs of great excitement as he delved into a locker and came out with a rag bundle of indescribable filthiness. Layer after layer he removed, revealing at last a three-hook tackle of terrifying dimensions. On this he mounted the garfish, grinning wickedly the while. I could see his point. On that tackle, with that bait, we would not, at least, catch any more two-foot-long garfish. With hope renewed I loosed it out into the wake and eased off a lot of line.

Rudi the Nazi, an interested spectator of all this, came to life. "I think I am trying this fishing now," he said. "Please give me the rod." I told him, in language any former soldier would understand, that this plan was just not on. Balked of his pleasure, he turned to Mr. Sabreez and began to tell him a dirty story about the President of the U.A.R. For the little Egyptian, this was going just one step too far.

"You must not say such things about our Gamal Abdel Nasser," he said, all quivering, courageous five feet of him. "We love him, we love him, we *love him!*" "He is just another Arab," said Rudi in his best film-Nazi style. But he retreated cautiously toward the stern.

The two-foot garfish had an extended swim along the reef falloff before Ahmoud's confidence was justified. Then it was socked very hard: the sea erupted, there was a giant silver flash, and the line went sizzling off the reel. "Pull 'im in!" yelled Mr. Sabreez, dancing about. Was he talking to me or the barracuda? I didn't care much as I staggered toward the stern, hoping to find a secure niche between the engine hatch and the tiller, because the midship seat was hopeless. I kept the fish fighting as far away from the boat as I could, the better to guide the line around the awning supports, and to avoid the danger zone: the boat itself and Mustapha, who was already flourishing the gaff in wild excitement.

The barracuda fought gloriously on the light tackle, leaping and making strong runs at the surface. It was a long time before its fury could be dampened enough to make it a safe target for Mustapha, who finally got it into the boat without even losing a finger. When I weighed it, back at the hotel, it went a little better than 40 pounds, which seemed pretty good to me until I looked up the world record and found it to be over 100 pounds.

I was now eager for more of the same, but we had run out of two-foot garfish and, in any case, Ahmoud had purposefully swung the bow around, and we were headed for home.

Our home was the Hurghada Hotel, opened only a few months previously, an ambitious building constructed like a hollow, squat cylinder around a saltwater pool—full, incidentally, of two-foot-long, bright blue garfish. I now recollected, noting the point for future reference. For miles either way there was nothing but sand dunes, but you couldn't miss a landfall right at the hotel jetty, because you were bound, sooner or later, to come upon an ever-increasing concentration of upturned bottoms and snorkel tubes—the early ones belonging to the advanced class, the massed ones near the jetty to the absolute beginners who were being drilled by handsome resident instructors. Everything, bar the upturned bottoms, belonged to Neckerman Tours, a Nuremberg travel agency that had had the foresight to hook the hotel for the entire winter season, at a price that was now breaking the heart of the owners, who had not been able to resist the prospect of a complete block booking for three months.

The uniformed Afrika Korps never got farther east than El Alamein, but Neckerman Tours was now putting all that right. We came ashore, picking our way through sun-curled, fortnight-old copies of *Der Spiegel*, bottles of tanning lotion and acres of browning flesh. Rudi the Nazi carried the barracuda. He needed some status with the Neckerman crowd, having found it necessary to book into a somewhat less palatial establishment in the village, though he still used the hotel bar and my bath.

This particular day, though, the water

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was not quite as full of guests, nor was the hotel terrace. The mystery was solved inside, when the Neckerman courier stopped me as I picked up my key. "You want the special dinner?" she asked. "It is 50 piasters extra." I explained I wasn't Neckerman's, but that I'd love the special dinner, and they could put the 50 piasters on the bill.

"What's so special?" I asked. She told me. It was Christmas Eve.

I went upstairs with the boys, feeling old and sad. It's a sign of being grown-up when you stop counting off the days to Christmas, but a sign of something else again when you forget it altogether. I'd had the foresight, a week previous, to arrange for the Christmas cables home to be sent from Cairo, and I couldn't make a long-distance call from Hurghada. Even so, I felt guilty. Rudi snapped me out of it by wanting to borrow one of my two remaining clean shirts. It was impossible to feel guilty when Rudi was there for comparison. I poured out the last of the duty-free airport Scotch. "Happy Christmas," said Rudi. Mr. Sabreez explained that the Coptic Christmas didn't take place for a few weeks yet, but felt that he should drink to my health.

"Who's having the Neckerman dinner?" I said. A negative shake from two heads.

"We will meet you in the bar later," said Rudi. "I have a small project for us." Yes, and I knew what that was, too. Rudi was having visa trouble. He wanted me to go with him to the chief of police and get it renewed.

I changed, locked the suitcase with my last shirt in it, and went downstairs. (Answer to query: I didn't send the shirts out to be laundered, since shirts have the same astronomical black-market value in Hurghada as color film. I had to last until Cairo.) In the bar Nick the Greek (his name *was* Nick and he *was* a Greek, I swear it) was mixing cocktails with the kind of flourish that has not been seen in the West since 1929. I had a Singapore gin sling. The place was swiftly filling up with Nurembergers in their best suits, smiling and laughing a lot. I'd forgotten that Christmas Eve, not Christmas Day,

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gets the big production in Germany. One carried a tape recorder that he placed carefully down. Later it was to play a big part in the evening. For the moment we were getting *West Side Story* on Nick's record player. I was feeling lonelier than ever, an emotion experienced without too much difficulty among a large crowd of German-speaking Germans.

Then, suddenly, I heard a voice that cut right through the jolly German *rhubarb, rhubarb*—a plaintive, female, American voice.

"I told her and I told her," it said, "to leave the lettuce alone. Amoebic dysentery, that's what she took home with her." I turned to see two ladies, small ones, in their 50s maybe, deep in conference. I couldn't resist it. "You English?" I said.

"Oh, no," said the first speaker. "This is Betty, she's Canadian, and I'm Thelma, from New Jersey." They were nurses from the World Health Organization in Cairo, on holiday for a Christmas weekend.

I introduced myself and suggested that we English-speaking ones should join up for dinner. They fluttered a little and accepted.

"We only got here today," said Betty. "Have you looked around the kitchen yet?"

I told her I hadn't managed to do that. "But," I added hopefully, "they tell me there's a Swiss chef."

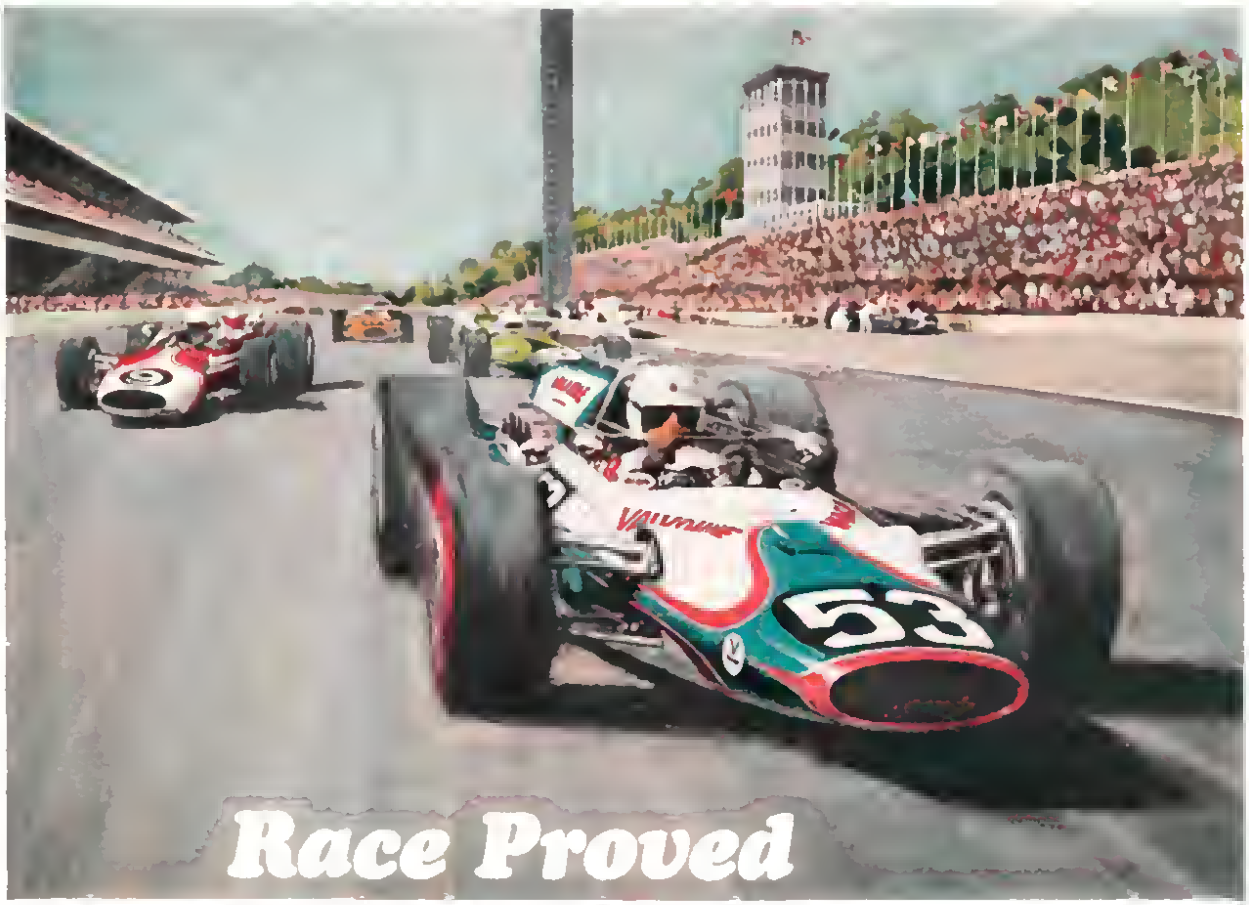
"Well, he probably knows about washing greenstuffs in permanganate then," said Thelma.

"Personally," I said, "I rinse everything in Vat 69 before I touch it."

"You're joking," said Thelma. But I could see there was a flicker of interest.

It was time for the fun to start. We trooped into the dining room and were handed indoor fireworks by a portly German at the entrance. The tape recorder was switched on, and jolly Christmas music, specially imported from Nuremberg, began to play. It was performed by what seemed to be a very large number of brass bands, amalgamated for the occasion. It was very slow, very sad and very loud. Every so often it would stop abruptly,

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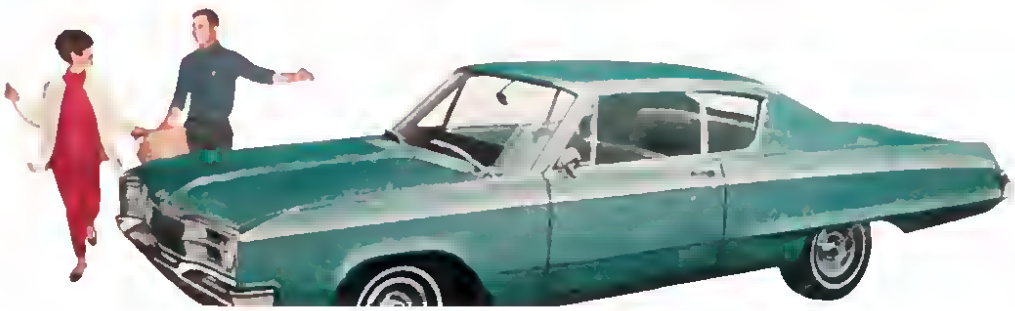


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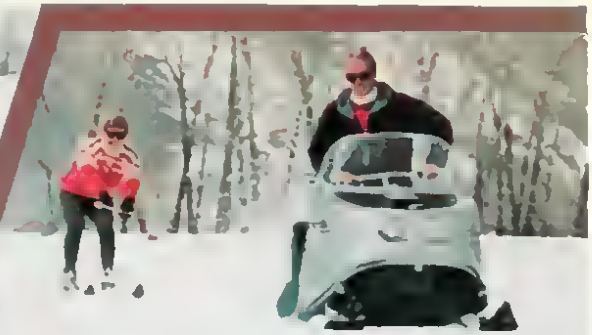
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there would be a brisk rattle of sleigh bells and off it would go again. Oom Pom Pom, Blah Blah Pom, it went. Tinkle, tinkle. Pah Blah Bom Bom. The tape ran for 40 minutes. Then they started it again.

Everybody was shaking hands, so Thelma, Betty and I shook hands, then lit our fireworks. We ordered a bottle of the special Omar Khayyám Red, and the waiter brought the first course. *Pâté de foie gras.* "No salad, thanks!" said Thelma and Betty in unison. "You can eat the pâté, though," said Betty encouragingly. "Anything in tins is usually O.K."

Two could play at that game. "Tins from where?" I said darkly.

We sent back the soup and settled down to wait for the fish. We chatted about hepatitis, dysentery (amoebic and regular), typhus and cholera, until we were checked by a lot of noise in the doorway and some scattered applause that cut right through the current carol. I looked around, and there were two triumphant Nubians, in full Arabian Nights gear, bearing aloft on a great platter the object of the applause. *My barracuda.* I would have recognized it anywhere. Cooked whole, it was a magnificent sight. Rudi must have sneaked around to the kitchen door with it earlier in the evening. "Look at those teeth," breathed Betty.

"You can eat this," I said. "I guarantee it's fresh." I felt like a cannibal, but I ate my share, and I was glad that I had when the advertised turkey came on. "Vulture *rôti*," I said conversationally to the girls, "is something of a specialty in these parts." They didn't even say thanks when they sent it back.

So we proceeded to the Christmas pudding. No trouble had been spared to make a real spectacular of this part of the show. Our waiter leaned over, struck a match, and the whole thing went up like an anti-personnel mine. No bacillus could have survived that explosion. We tucked in.

We were at the coffee stage when Mr. Sabreez poked his head around the door and started gesturing. I made my excuses. "See you at dinner tomorrow night," I said.

"Tomorrow night," said Thelma firmly, "we shall be eating in our own flat in Cairo, even if it *does* mean driving through Christmas Day."

Rudi was in the bar. He had a large Scotch in front of him. "Now," he said, "you will have the little Christmas drink?" I told him I'd have the same. Why shouldn't I share in the proceeds of my barracuda? "Tonight," he continued, "I am arranging the sport for you. It is the hunting. You are not letting me do the fishing, but I am a kind man. First, though, a little business. That is the chief of police over there. I must speak to him about the visa."

The chief of police looked the part as he squatted over his drink. He wore a black uniform heavy with insignia, dark glasses and a sadistic mustache. No local sat within 30 feet of him. We went over, and Rudi invested in another little Christmas drink for the chief. Rudi then started to explain his position. The chief broke in.

"Why are you so interested in staying in Egypt?" he said sneeringly.

This was too much for Rudi. "Because," he said, "I wish to warm my butt on the sand a little longer. Is that all right with you?"

Kindred spirits had met. Chiefy roared with stage-villain laughter. He told Rudi to come to the office the next day and be fixed up. He expanded. He discovered my nationality and announced, "In the springtime, the English countryside is the most beautiful in the world." This I graciously acknowledged. "You must come over to the police barracks tonight," he continued, and whispered confidentially to Rudi.

"This man," whispered Rudi to me, "wishes to invite us to a hashish party."

Whatever 5% of sophistication I might have in me leapt at this. But it stood not a chance against the other 95%, contributed to largely by many generations of Welsh Calvinist forebears. Hashish? On *Christmas Eve?* My great-grandfather would have been in serious trouble if he had been caught whistling on a Sunday. "I think," I said carefully, "that I would prefer to go hunting."

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I was far from clear on the game position in the Eastern Desert of Egypt. Neither did Rudi possess any weapon I knew about, except his SS dagger. But there was certainly some plan afoot. Outside the hotel we climbed into Rudi's battered VW and set out into the darkness.

From Suez right down the Red Sea coast a road runs parallel to the shore. There are sandhills, kilometer signs, and once in a while you might catch a glimpse of black-cloaked Bedouin women scuttling away into the dunes, or an Egyptian soldier on camel patrol silently swaying past. At night there was just a blackness, stars and the sound of the sea. We bounced and jounced for perhaps 10 miles, then Rudi turned off the road and the going got worse until we came to a stop within sound of the sea. Suddenly it was very cold, and I could hear Mr. Sabreez's teeth chatter. "Not so much noise," hissed Rudi. We crept forward to the beach and my eyes became accustomed to the dark. I could make out the silhouette of some kind of artificial structure against the surf line. Whining, scuffling noises were coming from it. Rudi relaxed and stood up straight. "It is all right now," he said. "We have captured him."

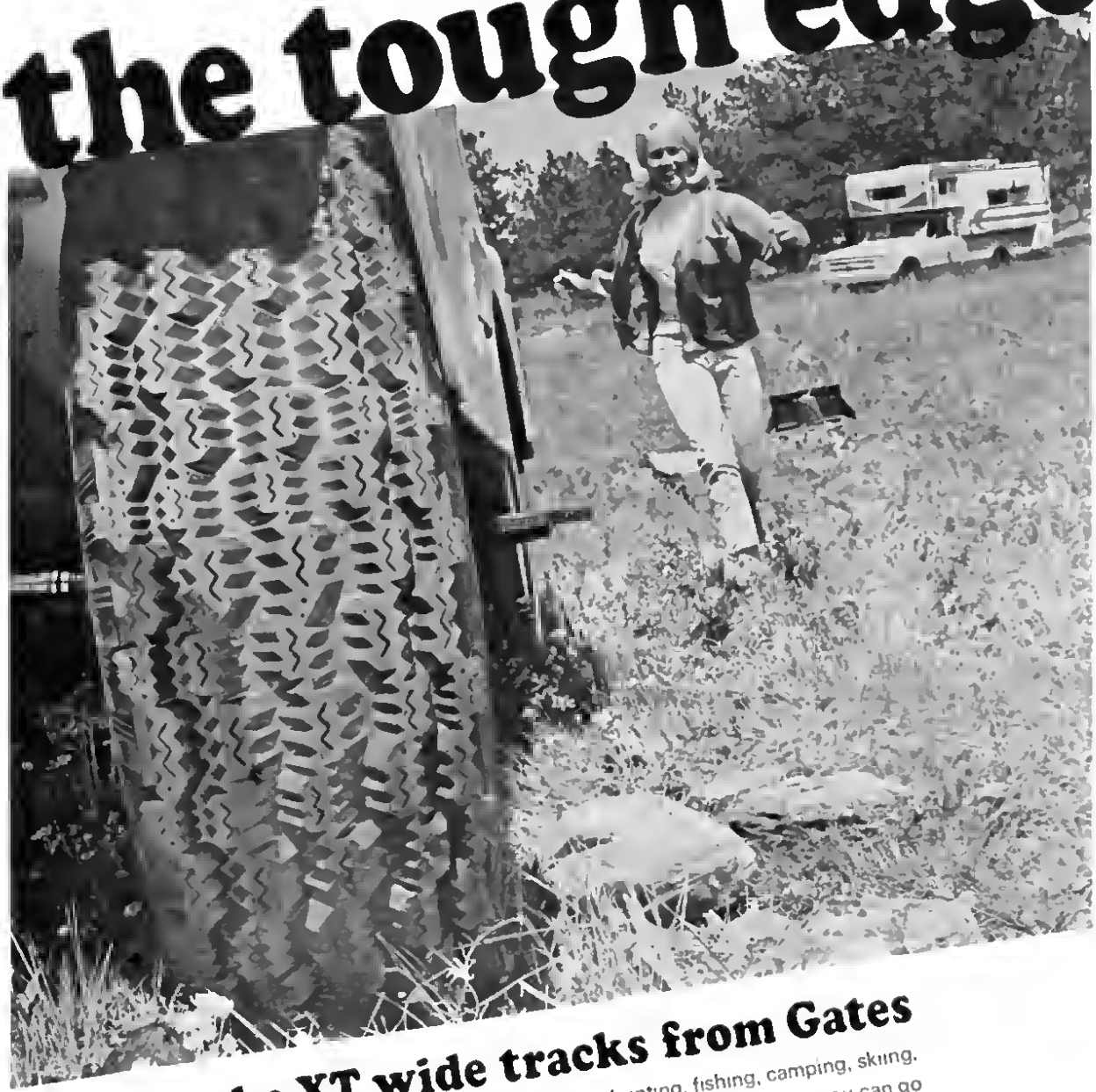
"Him" was a desert fox. Rudi had spotted him on a skin-diving expedition to the beach, as he loped along the shoreline scavenging for fish and crabs. Crafty Rudi had constructed a trap with driftwood and baited it with fish. Clearly it had worked. But what Rudi had not thought out was how to remove the fox from the trap, and what to do with it when he had. A piece of hatch cover was the operative section. Somehow that needed to be eased up, and the fox caught, netted or something, as it tried to escape. Only we didn't have a net. Mr. Sabreez had an idea, though, and he went back to the car and fetched the flashlight and a straw shopping bag that usually held his cameras and his lunch. Rudi, he suggested, would stand by to spring the trap. He, Mr. Sabreez, would hold the shopping bag open. At a signal the hatch cover would be raised and the fox would shoot straight into the shopping bag, or its head and forelegs at least. My role would be to blind it with the flashlight as it shot forward.

It didn't work out like that. As Rudi lifted the hatch cover the demented beast came out like a rocket, missing the proffered bag that Mr. Sabreez held and clipping him hard under the chin with its

continued



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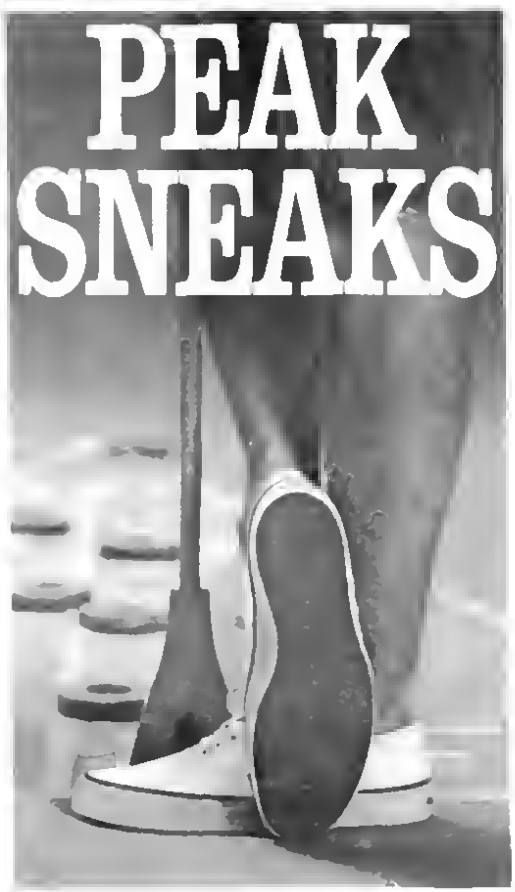
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head as it escaped. In the flashlight, all I saw were two glaring red eyes coming at me. I dropped the light. Rudi began a fair imitation of a Gestapo officer discovering that the Resistance had released the hostages and blown the railroad track. "Calm down," I said. "At least when I go fishing I catch something." We helped the devoted Mr. Sabreez back to the car. I looked at my watch, and it was midnight. The Christmas stars shone down. Two thousand years ago it must have been just like this in the Middle East. Very cold and clear. We drove back slowly, picking up our earlier tracks in the headlights.

At the hotel the music was still going strong. If you listened carefully you could just make out the melody of *Stille Nacht* inside the brass blare of the tubas and trombones and the Om Pom Poms. I went upstairs. Tomorrow, Ahmoud had indicated, we would look for a tiger shark. It was an original way of spending Christmas Day at least.

On Christmas morning, then, Rudi and Mr. Sabreez reported right on time. Mr. Sabreez said, "There is a message from Ahmoud. If you want the special shark bait, it will cost you $5 extra." I sketched in lightly what Ahmoud could do about that. In the waters around us there were huge shoals of small bonito and mackerel, and, as far as I was concerned, Ahmoud's Christmas stocking was full enough already.

As the first batch of snorkel men entered the water, the Old Millionaire of the Sea arrived with his boat and Mustapha. We squared the naval patrol and went on board. Determinedly I began by rigging a small feather jig for the hatchetfish, but Ahmoud smiled deprecatingly and made a sideways gesture with his hands. "He has already got the shark bait you ordered," interpreted Mr. Sabreez. Ahmoud's talents were wasted on the Red Sea. In a Western used-car lot he would have them running for their lives.

Ahmoud wanted to go well offshore to drift for shark, so there was a chance of some light-tackle trolling on the way out. This time there was no waiting. The sea was in a generous mood, and strike

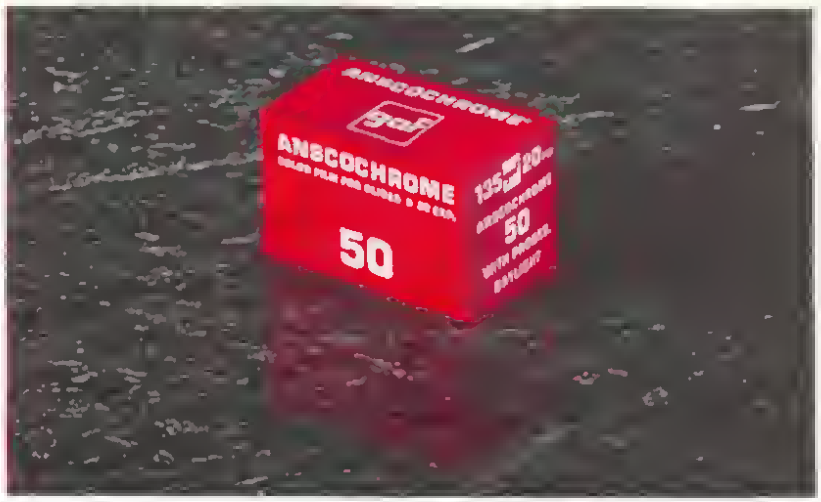
after strike came to our trolled lure. Mostly the fish were barracuda in the 25- to 35-pound range, but there were also times when we hit schools of kingfish of around 20 pounds. The biggest was a yellowfin tuna of 60 pounds. I'm aware that none of these could be classed as anything like trophy fish, but I can remember few fishing mornings that gave me more pleasure, generous, plentiful action, and every fish fighting its weight on the gear I used. This, of course, was just scratching the surface as far as the sporting potential of the Red Sea went. Commercial fishermen on the wharf talked to me of the "big fish" that came in April and May. Marlin? Broadbill? Big tuna? They didn't mean sharks, which they had a word for and which are there the year round. One day I hope to return to the Red Sea with a good sport-fishing boat and the time to cover the ground. This might mean living on board and spending many hours at sea, but I think it would be worth it.

Meanwhile I was in Ahmoud's boat, slap in the middle of Ramadan, and it was time for a tiger shark. Mustapha mashed up a chum of ancient mackerel, and eventually the oily trail was organized. Oddly, though, I was reluctant to put the big rod together. There might be tigers, hammerhead and mako, but just then the thought of sharking didn't appeal to me. I was thinking of telling Rudi that his moment had come and that he could take over, when Mr. Sabreez came across and asked if I would like to see shark fishing done Red Sea style. "Sure," I said, and Ahmoud was delighted.

Hopping about with glee, for all his 90 years, he produced his gear: a great meat hook, 12 feet of chain and a coil of ship's rope. He rigged a bunch-of-bananas bait just as they do in the Mediterranean: half a dozen mackerel, hooked through the eyes. When all was ready he laid it out carefully on deck. No chuck-and-chance-it for Ahmoud. He was going to wait for a shark to make an appearance in the chum trail.

It took less than 15 minutes before a black fin and a gray back swirled 50 yards

continued



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behind the boat, and Ahmoud gently fed the bait out to him. There is a convention in salmon fishing that it should take about a minute a pound to land a fresh-run fish. For Red Sea shark, fishing by the Ahmoud method, the ratio is nearer one second a pound. There was a huge, white, frantic, thrashing turbulence behind the boat. We all strained and held grimly onto the rope, and the boat began to move slowly under shark power. It didn't last long. Within 10 minutes a tiger that couldn't have been much under 300 pounds was at boat side and getting the treatment from Mustapha's iron cosh.

We made a big impression that afternoon when we tied up at the hotel jetty. I suspect that a few of the more sensitive members of Neckerman Tours gave up undersea fishing there and then, but Rudi moved toward the shark gesturing and talking in German. I wasn't going to give him away. Mr. Sabreez brought his wife and the six little Sabreez girls down from the village. They all inspected the shark, and Mr. Sabreez spoke Arabic, saying the same thing, possibly, as Rudi had said in German. At least he kept looking over his shoulder to see if Ahmoud was within listening range.

That Christmas night the three of us went back to the Desert Fox beach to collect some of the magnificent pink conch shells that were there, but suddenly the stillness was shattered by the roar of powerful motors. Three big Mercedes came bouncing up the track. A dozen men poured forth, Europeans. The first one reached me. "It is Herr Gammon!" he said, all out of breath. This, then, is fame, I thought complacently. Nothing of the kind. They were German engineers working in Cairo, down for the weekend. They had called at the hotel, and there was a cable for me, which they had brought at once, such things being rare and ill-omened in Hurghada.

I opened it. REPORT TO SENEGALESE EMBASSY CAIRO FOR VISA DAKAR TRIP, it said. HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND LOVE WHERE IS THE GARAGE KEY QUERY. It was from my wife, a clear indication that it was time for me to move on. **END**



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These people neither started the war nor finished it. They just got run over by it. They need the help of other people, and they need it now, before they start to die.

That is the reason for the Near East Emergency Donations (NEED) committee. NEED is collecting as much money as possible as quickly as possible to help these new refugees live through their upheaval.

The honorary chairman of NEED is Dwight D. Eisenhower. The board and executive committee are made up of leaders of American business, government, education and journalism. Money that NEED collects from both corporate and individual donors in the United States will be channeled through the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). Although NEED will have its own executive officers in the Near East, it is UNRWA that has the organization and experience to turn money into the right food, medicine and shelter and distribute these necessities where they *will do the most good*.

In terms of the future, NEED believes education to be the most important step that can be taken now towards giving these people the opportunity to become self-supporting. And so, UNRWA will also turn money into new schooling facilities for continuing the disrupted educations of hundreds of teacher-trainees and thousands of elementary and junior high school students.

Please give whatever you can, as quickly as you can, to NEED. Even though it may only be a little, a little will help.

All contributions are fully deductible for federal income tax purposes. Checks should be made out to NEED and sent to NEED, Inc., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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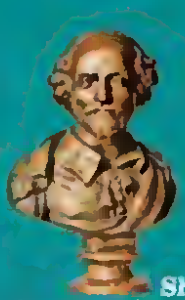
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING Texan CURTIS COKES knocked out California challenger Charlie Shipes in the eighth round of their welterweight title bout in Oakland, Calif.

Unbeaten Florida Heavyweight AL JONES gained his 18th victory and 14th knockout when he stopped Minnesota's Jim Beattie in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout in Miami Beach.

World junior middleweight champion KIM KI-SOO of South Korea scored a 15-round decision over Fred Little of New Orleans, in Seoul.

FOOTBALL—AFL Eastern Division leader NEW YORK, scoring its third victory, ended Oakland's streak at three games 27–14 as Emerson Boozer picked up his seventh and eighth touchdowns of the season on a pair of seven yard runs (*page 34*) SAN DIEGO caught up with Boston on two John Hadl touchdown passes in the fourth quarter to tie the Patriots 31–31 and remain unbeaten as the Western front-runners Len Dawson paced champion KANSAS CITY to its second straight shutout over Miami, 41–0. Dawson completed 13 of 23 passes for 250 yards, including five touchdowns. The Chiefs are 3-1 for the season, sharing second place in the West with Oakland. BUFFALO, the defending Eastern champion, ended a three-game losing streak with a 17–16 squeaker over Denver—the Broncos' fifth loss in a row. The Bills came from behind in the fourth quarter, with Keith Lincoln scoring the tying touchdown on a four-yard run after a fumble recovery by Corner Back Butch Byrd. Mike Mercer kicked the winning point with three minutes remaining.

NFL Coastal Division leader BALTIMORE, with the only perfect record in the league, extended its winning streak to four games by routing Chicago 24–3 as rookie Rich Volk set a team interception-runback record of 94 yards. SAN FRANCISCO jumped out to a 20-point lead in the first half but had to survive a big Los Angeles third quarter to knock the Rams out of a tie with the Colts for the Coastal lead, winning 27–24. John Brodie tossed the deciding 28-yard touchdown pass to Sonny Randle. In the first half he had connected with John David Crow for 59 yards and Bob Windsor for 55. GREEN BAY gained its third win in a row with a 27–17 victory over Detroit, to stay ahead in the Central Division. Zeke Bratkowski, who replaced the injured Bart Starr, accounted for two TDs on a 19-yard pass to Donny Anderson and a 13-yarder to Boyd Dowler. With 10 seconds remaining, Quarterback Don Meredith completed a 36-yard pass to Dan Reeves as DALLAS edged Washington 17–14. Scoreless in the first half, the Cowboys got into the game on Meredith's 25-yard pass to Lance Rentzel and a Danny Villanueva field goal in the third quarter. PHILADELPHIA gained its third victory over winless Atlanta, 38–7, as Norm Snead threw two touchdown passes—67 yards to Gary Ballman and two yards to Mike Ditka—to tie Dallas 3–1 for the Capitol Division lead. Minnesota again fell short of victory as ST. LOUIS, tops in the Century Division, came back from an 11-point deficit in the fourth quarter to win 34–24. Jim Hart tossed a 40-yard scoring pass to Dave Williams with 6½ minutes to go and finished with 14 completions in 25 attempts for 247 yards, while Johnny Roland who gained 122 yards in 17 carries, scored on three-yard and 14-yard runs. Frank Ryan led CLEVELAND to a 21–10 win over Pittsburgh, pitching touchdown passes to Paul Warfield for 17 yards, Ralph Smith for 49 and Ernie Green for 15. The Steelers' Kent Nix completed 23 of 34 passes (including an eight-yard TD) for 218 yards. NEW YORK won its home opener against New Orleans 27–21 as Fran Tarkenton (18 of 28 for 348 yards) broke a 14–14 tie in the third quarter with a 34-yard scoring pass to Homer Jones and finally threw an 11-yarder in the last quarter to Bob Crespino for the victory.

GOLF—U.S. Masters Champion GAY BREWER shot a four-under-par 68 to defeat U.S. Open titlist Billy Casper by four strokes in a playoff deciding the $129,000 Alcan Golfer of the Year tournament in St. Andrews, Scotland (*page 32*). The victory was worth $55,000.

HARNESS RACING SPEED MODEL ($3.60, $3.00), a bay filly trained by Frank Ervin and driven by Art Hult, lost one heat to Rocket Speed but took the next two (2:01⅘, 2:02¾) to win the $58,642 Kentucky Futurity, the last leg of trotting's Triple Crown, at Lexington (*page 72*). It was Speed Model's seventh victory in 23 starts and earned Owner George H. Alexandar $27,855.12.

NEVELE PRIDE, son of Star's Pride, shattered Impish's 1961 world mile record for 2-year-olds in the second heat of the $8,662 Saul Camp Memorial at Lexington, Ky. with a time of 1:58⅕. That, combined with the winner's first-heat 1:59⅕, broke the two-heat record also held by Impish.

Claude Pelletier drove Canadian-owned GOLDEN BLEND ($6.60) to victory in the $20,000 Duane Hanover Pace at Roosevelt Raceway. Peerswick, a New Zealand-bred, finished second by three lengths.

HORSE RACING With Aussie Bill Pyers up, TOPYO ($2.10) Mme. Léon Volterra's French 3-year-old, raced to a neck victory over British-owned Salvo in the 1½-mile, $320,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest Thoroughbred race at Longchamp (*page 84*). Barely a head behind in third place in the close-fought race was Charles Engelhard's Ribocco.

Ogden Phipps's undefeated filly QUEEN OF THE STAGE ($2.80) ridden by Braulio Baeza, chipped ½ second off the Frizette Stakes record with 1:35⅖ at Aqueduct when she won the one-mile, $114,475 event by ¾ length over Gay Matelda. The victory, her seventh straight (and fifth stakes), all but assured her the 2-year-old filly crown.

MAKO ($2.60), Mrs. Ogden Phipps's 1966 steeplechase Horse of the Year, scored a three-length victory over Golpista in the $16,800 Broad Hollow at Aqueduct. It was the 27th win of the season for rider Joe Aitcheson Jr., the 1961, 1963 and 1964 national steeplechase champion, who now leads his nearest rival, Tommy Walsh, by seven races.

MOTOR SPORTS—Mark Donohue's CAMARO won the final Trans-American sedan championship race of the season at Kent, Wash., but the title went to MUSTANG on Ronnie Bucknum's second-place finish. Donohue averaged 87.6 mph in the 303-mile race.

SWIMMING—U.S. swimmers won seven of nine events in a West Berlin meet as MARK SPITZ of Santa Clara, Calif. broke his own 100-meter butterfly world record by 0.22 with a time of 55.68, then a day later regained the 200-meter-butterfly mark, which he had lost a month and a half ago to fellow-Californian John Ferris, with a 2:05.7.

MILEPOSTS APPROVED By the New Jersey State Racing Commission, the application of Jersey Downs Inc., headed by Hyman N. Glickstein to build a $20 million night harness track on the Secaucus meadows, 10 minutes from midtown Manhattan, also, the Atlantic City Raceway's proposal to present night trotting. Jersey Downs is expected to open by mid-1969, and Atlantic City plans to begin harness racing by next summer.

NAMED To succeed Billy Hitchcock as manager of the Atlanta Braves, LUMAN HARRIS, 52, who piloted the Braves' Richmond club to the International League pennant this year. Harris, a pitcher for the former Philadelphia Athletics and the Washington Senators for seven years (1941-47), coached the White Sox, the Orioles, and the Astros and also has managed Baltimore and Houston.

HONORED As baseball's minor league Player of the Year FELIX MILLAN, 24, second baseman for Harris Richmond team. Millan had a .310 average and struck out only 19 times in 106 games.

TRADED By the Kansas City Chiefs, highly regarded No. 2 Quarterback PETE BEATHARD, to the Houston Oilers, for giant Defensive Lineman Ernie Ladd, Quarterback Jacky Lee and the Oilers' No. 1 draft choice for 1968.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



ROBERT HAFER, a junior high cyclist from Santa Monica, Calif., rode his Bianchi Special to a course record of 40 minutes flat to beat Syril Johnson by nearly 400 yards in the Tour de Santa Ynez Valley's 14-mile intermediate division, in Solvang, Calif.



LINDA YEE, a top-ranked player on the Arizona State tennis team, defeated Debbie Darby of El Paso 6–4, 6–4 for the women's singles crown at the Southwest Tournament in Albuquerque, then teamed with ASU's Carol Gay to win the doubles 6–4, 2–6, 6–2.



RICK McGARRY, an 18-year-old trapshooter from Niagara Falls, Ont. who holds every major Canadian junior title except handicap (his brother, Ronnie, 15, has that), took the world junior crown at the championships in Bologna, Italy, hitting 92 out of 100 targets.



RONNIE WIGGINS, a 150-pound quarterback for Woodland (Ala.) High School, figured in every point of his team's 53–0 victory over Coosa County High as he scored on runs of 62, 43 and 77 yards, threw five touchdown passes and gained five extra points.



LARRY O'NEIL, 60, a Montana lumber company president who took up competitive walking just two years ago, set an American record of 19:24.52.4 for the 100-mile walk in Columbia, Mo. Along the way O'Neil also broke the 75-mile mark in 14:24.18.



MIKE McCORMICK, 17, of Pocahontas, Iowa, became the youngest contestant ever to win the World Goose Calling Championship. He had a near-perfect call in a honk-off with four others in Missouri Valley, Iowa, while his father, Andy, tied for eighth place.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PLAYBACK

Sirs

As a college football official (10 years on the staff of the Southern Conference) and a former high school coach, I would like to bring out a point that I think could have been a tremendous factor in the final outcome of the Tennessee-UCLA football game in Los Angeles. One of the photographs accompanying your article ("*One More Great Play*," Sept. 25) shows UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro talking to Gary Beban *on* the playing field. UCLA, trailing 13-16, has the ball, fourth and two, on Tennessee's 27-yard line, with four minutes to play. From this discussion, Beban goes on to call the play that he runs for the winning score.

Now, NCAA Rule 3, Section 3, Article 8 states, "During a free time-out charged to a team one player is allowed to confer with one coach on the sideline at the team area." Coach Prothro is not in the team area, nor is he on the sideline and, therefore, he is in direct violation of this rule.

The penalty for this infraction is 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. This would have changed a fourth-and-two situation to fourth and 31 and certainly could have changed the outcome of the game. It is ironic that this should happen to UCLA and Coach Prothro, for he is the one who claimed that officiating did change the outcome of the 1965 UCLA-Tennessee game, which was played in the South.

GEORGE B. GASSER JR.

Richmond, Va.

SPORT OF KNAVES

Sirs

I was delighted to see how much Whitney Tower enjoyed the 1967 Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct (*Damascus by a Mile*, Oct. 9). What a transcendent sporting experience it must have been—so cleanly decisive, so "fair." I was there, and what I saw was a tawdry performance worthy of a $75 nighttime handicap on a Midwestern carnival grounds.

Is it fair for two opposing jockeys to frighten a typically high-strung Thoroughbred into running six furlongs in 1:09 1/5 on a drying strip by shouting at him for the first half of the race, rendering him rank and uncontrollable?

Is it fair, when a horse is *forced* to attempt the impossible, to call him a loser when he fails?

Was it fair not to inform the betting public of the exact nature of the tactics to be employed in the Woodward? A lot of $2 bettors, the backbone of the sport, could have then been steered clear of the gallant Dr. Fager, the most inevitable of losers.

Do they still call racing the Sport of Kings?

RICHARD BALLANTINE

New York City

BOYCOTT

Sirs:

Perhaps you already know that I was selected as one of the U.S. Olympic track coaches a few weeks ago. Coach Payton Jordan will be the head coach, and he has asked me to take charge of both relays and the sprinters and quarter-milers. It is with pride and humility that I accept this challenge to work with the athletes and to represent the United States before the world next October in Mexico City.

Being one of the coaches and knowing Tommie Smith as I do, I have become very concerned lately about articles that have appeared in the newspapers on the West Coast and in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (SCORECARD, Sept. 25) in regard to a possible boycott of the Olympic Games by the Negro athletes. My feeling is that a boycott would be a disastrous mistake, not only for the individuals who might boycott, but for the United States in general. We fail to realize that we are Americans first and Negroes second, and boycotting the Olympic Games for Black Power, White Power, Green Power, Yellow Power or any "power" is senseless and stupid. I realize as well as Tommie Smith does that there are still many injustices to our people in this country and that these injustices should and must be corrected. And I sincerely believe that someday they will be corrected.

but not by exploitation of one group by another group, and especially not by a group called Black Power that has lost the sense of fair play and the original objectives of the civil rights movement in this country.

In my humble opinion, the Black Power group does not truly represent the 21,508,000 Negroes in this country. It does not even represent 5% of the Negroes. I am certain that the movement leaders are not sincere in their beliefs when it is a known fact that they agitate and provoke other people to destruction while *they* flee the consequences. Again, I say to Tommie and the others, we as Negroes do have grievances, but we do not need spokesmen who are poisonous propagandists and who capitalize on our real grievances for their own personal gains.

Tommie Smith and the rest of the great Negro athletes can show the world how well they can perform despite the many injustices that we face in our own country. I have been all over the world and have seen, lived and talked with many people, and when you come down to the final nut-cracking, the United States is a damn good country to be a citizen of. I have also talked with Ralph Boston and a few of the other top athletes, and they all have told me that in their opinion a boycott would serve no definite purpose. I am looking forward to having Tommie Smith as a member of the U.S. Olympic team.

STANLEY V. WRIGHT
Track Coach
Western Illinois University

Macomb, Ill.

Sirs

I was both astounded and dismayed to read your recent report of a possible Negro boycott of the impending Olympic Games. Certainly the athletes have a right to actively participate in the civil rights movement. The American Negro's quest for justice and equality in a land of racial hypocrisy is long overdue.

The express purpose of the Games, however, is to create an atmosphere conducive not only to international athletic competition, but to human fellowship and understanding as well. By abandoning the Games, the athletes will partially destroy the very cause they seek to further.

MIKE CHEETHAM

Bluffton, Ohio

Sirs

The contemplated action to boycott the 1968 Olympics would dramatize to the rest of the world the oppression of our black minority. But what impression would the boycott make on Congress? What can the "rest of the world" do for our black minority that Congress cannot?

The reaction of Congress following such a boycott would probably be one of anger. It would probably punish the black people who could afford it the least by stopping legislation that they really need. Anger causes people to act in a way that makes the right or wrong of the act incidental.

The Tommie Smiths of this country would not suffer. "Smithie" could count on help from the American Civil Liberties Union. He could go to a foreign country, like Canada, and be a hero and live comfortably. The black people who really need help would not have this recourse.

The responsible black leaders in this country would not advocate an Olympic boycott. They would weigh the pros and cons of such an action and decide to do what they think would help the black people improve their lot. Personal glory is incidental.

ANTHONY ESCOBAR

Middletown, R.I.

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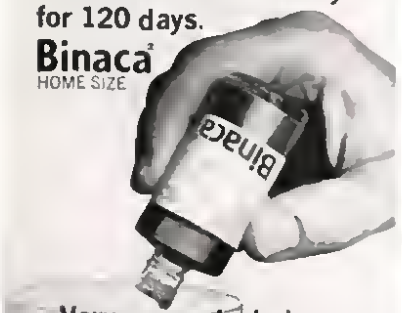
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Sirs:

I am of the firm opinion that every American should consider it a privilege and an honor to wear the uniform of the United States of America, be it in peace or war. I had that distinction as a soldier and I have always considered it one of the highlights of my life. By refusing to become a member of the Olympic team I personally feel that Tommie Smith would do far more harm to the cause to which his people are so justly entitled than he would if he ran and won and covered himself and his country with glory.

GILBERT MARCUS

Chicago

COUNTERPUNCH

Sirs:

As the manager of Oscar Bonavena, I can report that the article concerning the one-sided victory by the Argentine heavyweight king over European Champion Karl Mildenberger (*A Bean-can Bout in Frankfurt*, Sept. 25) was a lot of beans. I might also add that Bonavena, whom Mark Kram describes as the "mild bull of the Pampas," is now riled and has promised to bounce his next opponent into Kram's lap.

SI states that Bonavena just looks ferocious and is an unpardonable bore (or boor) in the ring. Bonavena's knockout average over a three-year professional career has been over .800. Maybe there is something to that old saying that "looks can kill," because somebody is getting to Bonavena's opponents and it's not the referee. No opponent of Oscar's was ever bored. Gored but not bored!

Kram also says that Bonavena's feet "are flat and dreadfully gnarled. His ankles seem as big as basketballs . . . He does not have any waist, but he does have an ample belly." That paints a pretty picture. My comment is: either you like Picasso or you don't.

SI hangs out the dirty wash by adding that Bonavena was "unloaded" on me and goes on to describe me as "a decent, misdirected individual who is enthralled by the glamour of boxing . . . the worst kind of amateur, and therefore a perfect target for Oscar Bonavena." Bonavena was not unloaded on me. I asked to buy his contract from Jack Singer. I was fully advised by Singer of the difficulties I would face, and it has not been an easy road. However, with Bonavena in the semifinals of the heavyweight elimination tournament I would seem to be heading in the right direction. As for my background, I had hoped that my seven years as a boxing judge, my three years as a manager and my two years as a sportswriter for a daily New York publication would lift me out of the amateur class.

Finally, SI says that Bonavena was "in

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the tournament on the strength of his rating, which was an egregious error in judgment." Bonavena has lost only two decisions in more than 30 bouts. He was outpointed by veteran Zora Folley in his ninth professional bout and, last year, lost a close decision to the extremely competent Joe Frazier, after flooring Frazier twice early in the bout. Since many boxing authorities consider Frazier the outstanding boxer in the ring today and since Mildenberger was rated by most recognized authorities as the No. 1 contender, it is difficult to follow the logic of the writer in demeaning Bonavena.

In conclusion, I think Author Mark Kram may have taken the 10-count on this piece but I must admit that he is one helluva writer.

MARVIN GOLDBERG
Oceanside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mark Kram's article on the Bonavena-Mildenberger fight is the most tasteless story I have ever read in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. If he did not like the fight he should say so, but his name-calling ("primitive creature," "obscenity," "untutored oaf," etc.) was totally uncalled for.

STEPHEN A. SCHOOLMAN
Boulder, Colo.

GREENER MEADOW

Sirs:

The article by George Plimpton on the marathon tennis matches that occurred this past summer at the Southampton and Newport invitation tennis tournaments (*"What the Deuce Is Going On?"*, Sept. 18) was interesting and amusing. However, his comments on the condition of the courts at the Meadow Club of Southampton were, I believe, grossly exaggerated. Particularly do we members of the Meadow Club object to his statement that "the grass courts ... have fallen into such disrepair, presumably because of a lack of funds." This is untrue. The members have been assessed for the past three years for capital improvements for the club, including the rebuilding of certain grass tennis courts that we knew needed rebuilding. This work has been proceeding under the direction of our new grounds superintendent, Arnold Trible, who was formerly superintendent at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club. We have spent more than $17,000 on new machinery and other equipment alone and confidently expect to have within two to three years, the finest grass tennis courts in the East.

GEORGE S. PATTERSON
President, Meadow Club
Southampton, N.Y.

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His Record Was Perfect Until He Won a Fight

From the age of 6 on this pugilist never got a decision, never landed a blow. Then fate took over as manager **by PARKE CUMMINGS**

Every time a professional prizefighter retires undefeated I get a feeling of kinship. When it came to fisticuffs, I, too, had an enviable record for consistency. Of numerous fights I engaged in I lost them all—every single one.

My first fight took place when I was 6 or 7. We lived in a Boston suburb, in what you might call fair-to-middling circumstances. My father made a modest income, and the family, both sides of it, was strictly middle class—no escutcheons, no blue blood, no pretensions to such.

On the way to school I had to walk through a rather tough neighborhood, and one day I got waylaid by one of its denizens. The boy—I remember he had red hair and a lot of freckles—called me a number of names I did not understand and declared that I was a stuck-up snoot who thought I was better than he was just because my father wore a white collar and worked in Boston.

He followed this up by asking me if I wanted to fight, and I was rash enough to say yes. The battle was of short duration. Even though he was a year or so my junior, my opponent outclassed me in all departments, landing a battery of rights and lefts to all parts of my physiognomy. In short order, I retired screaming in terror, with a black eye and a bloody nose. My only satisfaction was that I was able to escape before he floored me, a record I was able to maintain through most of my career.

One familiar with American mores might point out that this fight followed a typical social pattern—the immigrant's son usually licks the kid whose family has things just a little bit easier. The hungry fighter wins—and I suppose I *did* eat a little bit better, most of the time, than Red.

Our social critic might be right in general—I think he is—but he would have been wrong in my particular case. A year or so later I joined an Outing Class conducted by an ex-college athlete who coached our group of boys in such sports as football, baseball and track. And for one Saturday morning—unfortunately—boxing.

The opponent selected for me was a lad who lived in a mansion the size of the average French chateau. His mother was a Mayflower descendant, his father had 100 times as much money as my father if he had a dime.

On the class theory I have mentioned, it followed that if Red had licked me I should be able to annihilate this spoon-fed aristocrat, didn't it? It did not. We squared off, and instantly I felt that I was being battered by a human-sized centipede. I never even got to launch a blow before our coach mercifully stepped in and broke up the "contest."

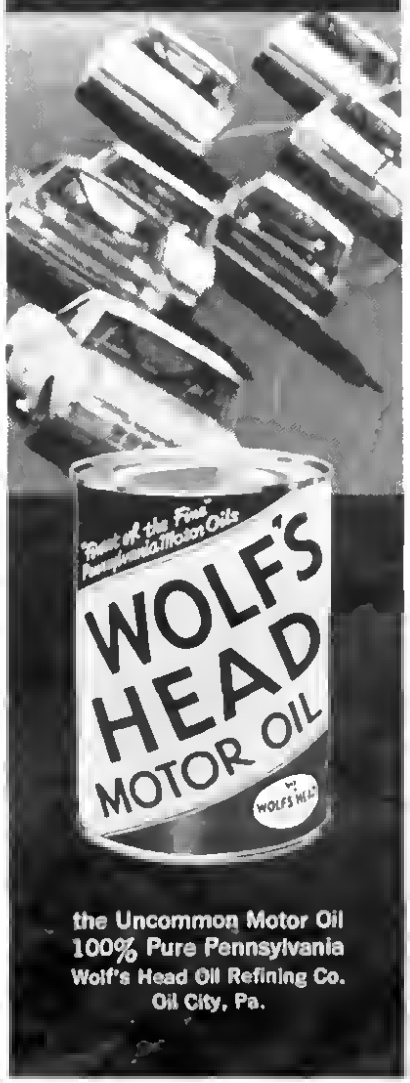
As the years passed, my home-town record of quick one-sided losses continued, and in time I was sent away to prep school. For reasons which should be obvious by now, I tried to avoid fights, but you never know. One day, engaged in some perfectly good-natured roughhousing with a friend, I accidentally knocked a pipe out of his mouth. Instantly he hauled off and landed a straight left between my eyes, causing me to stagger and reel back about six or eight feet. I started to retaliate, but then I reflected that, since I had broken his pipe, he had a stronger moral position than I had and I let the blow pass. However, the incident led me to the thought that it might be a good idea to take some boxing lessons.

The school's professional instructor was a wiry little Scotsman named Andy Kendall, who stood only a mite over 5 feet and could not have weighed more than 110 after a seven-course dinner. Because of this and because my father was willing to supply the requisite funds, I signed up for six or eight lessons and in so doing probably set up an all-time record for noncontact in the history of fisticuffs. I was by then a gangling youngster, and I had about a 50-pound weight

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advantage and around a foot in height and reach over Andy. He could, of course, have floored me instantly if he chose, but he was canny, like most of his breed, and knew which side his bread was buttered on. His lessons were on a day-to-day basis, and to discourage a fledgling pupil by busting him one on the proboscis could dry up his source of income at the very start. Andy therefore made it a practice never to hit a beginning pupil—or *any* pupil unless he was dead sure the latter was capable of absorbing the punishment.

He started me off with the left jab, which meant that he had me launching a series of jabs at his jaw, all of which he dodged with such ridiculous ease that the punches might just as well have been started from Stockholm or the interior of Tibet. Since Andy made *no attempt* at counterpunching I faced no danger of getting hurt, but he was constantly urging me to jab faster. The result was that I wound up each session untouched but totally exhausted.

The worst of it was that Andy was always breathing encouragement. "That's a good jab," he kept telling me as he dodged and sidestepped effortlessly. "Very good indeed, lad—getting better all the time." It may very well be that I developed the most unique jab in the history of fisticuffs. But it had yet to find a target when I had completed my final lesson.

The lessons over, I went around the campus a little cockier perhaps than before. At last a boy who had been making a practice of needling me made an unusually insulting remark. Secure in my new skill, I launched my left jab—my $50 left jab—at him. It missed.

And then an extraordinary thing happened. As I saw him start to retaliate, some instinct made me pinion his arms. I then put a foot behind his heel, pushed with all my might and flung him to the ground. There was a brief following struggle, and I had him on his back.

I then got a strong grip on his left arm and started twisting. "You take back what you said?" I demanded, twisting harder.

He cussed a little, then gave an agonized yell of pain. "All right," he said. "I take it back."

My perfect record was smashed to smithereens! Maybe, I thought as I pondered the wreckage, I should have been a wrestler all along. **END**

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